MATURITY WITH CLASS CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE ISSUE 75 $6.95

CR

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MESSAGE FROM OBSCURITY: KNOCKING DOWN THE WALL

FICTION BY TECUMSEH, BRECKENRIDGE, SNIDER

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CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE ISSUE 75

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CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE

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To readers: The above address is for disclosure only. Correspondence address is as shown above

CONTRIBUTOR PROFILES

MODELS

FRONT COVER: **STEVE MOORE**: 54, 6'-2", 225#, Seattle, in an open relationship. Likes cooking, music, opera, modern art, travel, old friends, dogs (boxers), films. Looking for friends from all over the earth, men of all ages to visit and host.

Page 2: **SWISS I**: 66, 174, 95 kgs. Lives in an open relationship near Berne in Switzerland. Speaks and reads English. Likes: stocky men from 55 up to no limit. Likes travel, nude beaches, the sea, big cities, music of all kinds, classic films. Plans to go on the internet soon. Will be in Orlando next year.

Page 12: **LEVI CHEF**: 51, 5'-5", 170#, Cleveland, single. Likes cooking, music, woodcrafts, exercise, swimming, hiking, motorcycling, antique restoration. Looking for sincere, together, friendly men, age 30-65+. Prefer body hair, but not necessary.

Page 13: **GREYBEARD**: 71, 5'-8", 185#, Georgia, relationship situation unknown. Likes cooking (Italian), walking, swing music, sports, knowing many people. Looking for big men with bald heads. **PAUL NELSON**: 68, 5'-8", 200#, Michigan, single. He likes theater, film, flea markets, antiques (primitives and men). Looking for friends, good times, sincerity.

Page 18: **ICEMAN**: 21, 5'-10", 180#, Sacramento, single. Likes country-western dancing, travel, music, outdoors, and chewing ice. He's looking for hairy bottom men, 28-55 (sometimes top), who just love to have fun.

Page 22: **NORTHERN BLUEJAY** 6 ft., 180#, eastern Canada, single. Likes outdoors, gardening, cooking, art, theater, baseball, football. Looking for faithful, monogamous relationship, 55 or younger, but not essential. Must be versatile, loving, kind, with integrity.

Page 23: **FRODO**: 60, 5'-8", 260#, Orlando, single. Likes travel, swimming, warm weather, and evenings alone with number one. Looking for under 65, stout (a big plus), who likes to cuddle, wants to be loved, and wants an open relationship. Facial and body hair a plus. **COTTON TOP**: 58, 5'-9", 175#, Ohio, in a closed relationship. He likes younger men, 25-40, reading, card games, cooking. He's in a 16-year relationship. Looking to meet new people for friendship only. **TAURUS OF COLOGNE**: 65, 5'-8", 190#, Cologne, Germany, single. Likes reading, music, cooking, traveling, home, languages, museums. Looking for a man, 60+, hair body (if possible), nonsmoker, honest, monogamous, small, under six feet. **ILLINI JOE:** 69, 5'-11", 165#, Chicago, single. Likes to travel, ski, golf, play tennis, and two-step to CW music. Looking for companionship and friendship, possible relationship.

Page 24: **MR. NICE GUY HUGS**: 48, 5'-10", 325#, Ohio, in a closed relationship. Likes alive, lovable, healthy and happy people. Looking for dinner and conversation dates. **NORTH TEXAS JIM**: 71, 6'-2", 230#, North Texas, single. Likes reading, computers, travel videos, gardening. Looking for mature friendships and good times. **GIRAFFE:** 74, 5'-10", 270#, San Francisco, in an open relationship. Likes reading, jazz, baroque music, eating, drinking (but it's not allowed now). Looking for pen pals, buddies. I am attracted to stocky hairy men with a sense of humor. He's one of our principal writers and a CR Hall of Famer.

Page 26: **NORTH CAROLINA TINY**: 26, 6'-4", 310#, North Carolina, single. Likes weightlifting, basketball, movies, quiet evenings at home. Looking for someone considerate and affectionate, over 50, who enjoys cuddling and would describe themselves as "the man of my dreams."

Page 27: **MANNY**: 48, 6'-3", 235#, Maryland, single. Looking for a long-term relationship with just the right mature, masculine, husky gentleman, 50+, who is healthy and hairy. Short and stocky men turn him on as well as the big and burly kind. Must be sincere, honest, caring, loving, and straight-acting. Beards and moustaches a plus.

Page 28: **WEDGE**: 38, 5'-5", 150#, North Carolina, single. Likes sailing. Looking for 50+, hairy in good shape. **ROSEY**: 68, 5'-6", 170#, North Carolina, single. Likes to communicate mentally and physically. Just recently out, he's open to suggestions. Looking to discover all sorts of wonderful things. Wedge and Rosey are not partners, by the way.

Page 29: **KOKOPELLI**: 59, 5'-11", 210#, San Antonio, in a closed relationship with B.J. and Tecumseh. Likes physical fitness, music, theater, movies, gardening, books. Interested in hearing from older men who have remained fit and active. Wants contact with interesting individuals or couples for hospitality exchange. **B.J.**: 67, 5'-10", 200#, Central Texas. Likes gardening, music, theater, movies. Retired, but works full-time. **TECUMSEH:** 60, 5'-11", 200#. Would enjoy hearing from interesting men of any age. Likes racquetball, music, theater, movies.

Page 30: **J.P.B. de MONTRÉAL**: 66, 5'-5", 180#, Montréal, in a closed relationship. He likes music, computers, dancing, good food, travel, his man. Looking for correspondents, any age, anywhere. Will answer all letters received.

Page 31: **GAYLORD**: 52, 5'-10", Vermont, in an open relationship. Likes massage and music, especially big band, classical and show tunes. Also: cooking, camping, nudity, traveling, and sharing life with mate. Looking for mature men with moustaches, hairy chests, beards who enjoy mutual pleasures.

Page 32: **MIKE DEVEAU:** 43, 5'-10", 220#, Palm Springs. He likes to have fun and is looking for other people to have fun with. See more on Mike in Photographer section. **ARIES II**: 64,

6 ft., 300#, Jersey Shore, single. Has a passion for culture, travel, humor, conversation. Looking for intuitive, diverse, affectionate, successful, 40+ gentleman who is fit, classy and mellow. **HI-TECH REDNECK**: 43, 6 ft., 265#, Southern California, single. Likes country music, computers, movies. Looking for someone nice, age 50-70. Computer line: serpent8@msn **Z-SWISS:** 59, 6'-1", 275#, Palm Springs, single. Likes cooking, movies, entertaining. Looking for men age 30-50 for dating and quiet evenings at home. His e-mail address is zienkie801@secrets.com.

Page 33: **VICTOR THE BLUEBIRD**: 65, Pennsylvania, single. Likes dining in good restaurants and TNN music. Looking for a good steady friend, 26-49, for relaxed times. **SNOW TOP**: 61, 6 ft., 300#, Florida, relationship status unknown. Likes all sports, everything in general. Looking for just a nice guy. **CATHEDRAL CITY BILL**: 69, 6 ft. 255#, Cathedral City, CA, in a closed relationship. Likes movies, playing cards, cooking, ceramics and reading. Looking for 45-60, fairly good-looking, for good companionship. **MR. B OF PALM SPRINGS:** 62, 5'-6", 185#, Palm Springs, single. Likes dinner, dancing, shows, travel, social affairs, weekend getaways. Looking for a one-to-one companionship with permanent love relationship and respect for the other man.

Page 34: **CARL LAWRENCE**: 50s, San Francisco, single. Mr. Can-Do. He's a CRPI stockholder and our Gathering director of food, beverage and workshops. His e-mail address: chocolad@backdoor.com

Page 36: **NUTHATCH**: 72, 5'-9", 190#, central Illinois, single. Likes photography (mostly scenic) and trivia games. Looking for mature, rather plump or chubby fellows.

Page 38: **RON OF NEW MEXICO**: 45, 5'-7", 190#, Ribera, New Mexico, in an open sharing relationship. He loves life, music, men, camping, outdoors, exercise, horses and partying. He and his partner are looking for people, couples or singles who enjoy sharing life, love, togetherness, laughter, travel, and good times.

Page 40: **VICTOR MANUEL**: 30, 5'-8", 145#, Mexico City. Likes good conversations, movies and cooking. Looking for friends, 40-60, white, nice build and honest. Photo, please. **KYLE**: 45, 5'-11", 178#, Texas, single. Likes masculine men, 45-75, versatile. Looking for visits, friendship, possible relationship. Can entertain at home or travel. **KENNY RODGERS**: 5'-11", 190#, Virginia, in an open relationship. Likes country music, model airplanes, antiques, gardening, camping and travel. Looking for older, settled men, friends. Has nice home with a lover. **TOY COLLECTOR:** 39, 6'-1", 210#, western Pennsylvania, single. Likes: walking, collecting toys, correspondence with men across the country, and enjoying long sessions of passion. Looking for mature men, 50+, for friendships and possible long-term relationship.

Page 45: **M.G.**: 37, 5'-6", 125#, single, Central Florida. Likes camping, good times at home, motorcycles, old cars, eating out, traveling. Looking for someone 150-200#, 50-64, nice, sweet, who likes to have fun and who is looking for a closed, long-term relationship.

Page 47: **ROY E.**: 75, 5'-11", 180#, San Francisco Bay Area, single. Likes theater, travel, reading, gardening, friends, massage, cooking, workouts. Looking for friends, penpals, possibly a life partner, soulmate, traveling companion, special partner.

Page 48: **CYGNUS**: 30s, New Jersey, single. Likes the beach, Ft. Lauderdale, movies, theater, listening to truckers on the c.b. Looking for burly men, 50+.

Page 49: **BUZZ**: 73, 5'-7", 205#, Florida, single. He likes all nice people and is looking for friends. Lost his partner, CR model LOU earlier this year.

Page 51: **RANDY PATTERSON**: 44, 5'-7", 215#, East Bay Area (CA), single. Likes music, from country to classical. Looking for men who like to play and are not hung up on relationships

Page 56: **CHUCKY BEAR**: 56, 5'-9", 220#, Pennsylvania, single. He enjoys meeting new people for friendship and good times.

Page 59: **JED:** 74, 5'-11", 167#, Tucson, in a closed relationship. Likes tennis, swimming, hiking, walking, gardening, cooking (he's a retire chef). Looking for gay friends, young and older and in-between.

BACK COVER: **BEARMATE**: 52, 5'-9", 270#, San Diego area, single. Likes men with smiles, dinner out with friends, affectionate bears, action movies. Looking for lifetime bearmate with terrific sense of humor. Would love to relocate to Seattle.

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

MICHAEL DEVEAU is a Realtor who lives in Palm Springs. He's really coming into his own in the area of photography and took quite a few shots at the San Diego Gathering. See his display ad in this issue.

JOEL lives in Austin with his lifemate, CR hall of famer and supermodel, THOM. They enjoy a loving, open relationship. JOEL is also a Hall of Famer and was a staff photographer in San Diego, where he was involved in still and video photography. We can't wait to see what he presents us with later.

MACRO lives in Utah with his fiftysomething burly bear. They enjoy a loving open relationship. Because of his phenomenal contributions to CR, he was inducted into the CR Hall of Fame during the '96 Convention. MACRO took a group of men out to Black's Beach during the convention and took some awesome nude photography. Can't wait to see his offering too.

MANNY has been with us for years, but we had no idea that he was such a fine photographer. Now that we know, we're going to hound him relentlessly. He lives alone on in Maryland.

ARTISTS

QUETZAL, 43, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with model PLOVER in West Hollywood. He's one of our most prolific contributors.

FORUM

THE GATHERING

WOW! C-Risers have got to be the world's best! The Gathering in San Diego was the most auspicious assemblage of mature gentlemen of quality anywhere, proving that Maturity With Class has real meaning indeed. Since it was my first time ... uh, Gathering that is ... I anxiously savored the printed list of events passed out at registration. My eyes zeroed in on the 10:00 am RECTALS in the Sunrise Room. Well, my goodness ... either this was to be an intriguing social activity or some sort of health exam, I surmised. In either case, the Sunrise Room certainly seemed an appropriate place for such an event. Later, after putting on my reading glasses, I was most pleased to read it was to be RECITALS in the Sunrise Room. Still, *chuckle-chuckle*, I wistfully wondered .... The whole weekend I observed only one unfortunate incident. One viper-tongued throwback to barbarianism unmercifully verbally attacked CR staffer CHOCOLAD over a perceived mix-up at the Internet Workshop. Carl needed a hug and I am glad to have been there at the right time to provide it. To Mr. Viper, I suggest this: Putting on a Gathering is an enormous task. If you feel slighted, why don't you try putting a smile on your face, a positive attitude in your head, and offer to volunteer your services to make it better next year. If you can't do that, then take a Midol, honey, and next year YOU and your ASP stay home. BEARMATE/San Diego

CHOCOLAD was blind-sided by the guy and never found out who he was. When I do find out (and I will), that person will never attend another Gathering. CHOCOLAD is a CRPI stockholder and a Gathering director. Dress him down at your peril. PHC

Great convention! Being around 1,350 nice masculine guys is really exhilarating. Those 50 queens with attitudes, however, were a little hard to take. The same prune-faced bitches have been coming to each gathering as if they actually enjoy it. You can't miss them. They're sitting together in their little clique and delighting in dishing everyone else. They berate the cost of the drinks, the quality of the appetizers, the taste of the dinner food, the cost of the registration, the service, and the presence of younger men. I was unfortunate enough to be joined by two of them during the Friday dinner show in San Diego. They actually threw a fit when the waiters served the food wearing white gloves. You're supposed to get indignant when the police arrest you with *latex* gloves, NOT when a waiter serves cannelloni in *white* gloves! Duh! G.B./Los Angeles

Thank you for the '96 Gathering. I came from my home in central Illinois not knowing what to expect. After I picked up my badge, I walked into the Lanai Coffee Shop. That's where I met CR model SAN JOSE. We spent the entire weekend together, then on Monday, I flew with him to his home up north to get my feet back on the ground. I briefly went back to Illinois to quit my job and tie up all the loose ends. We're now sharing our lives together in San Jose. I still haven't come down and don't know if I ever will. We're very happy together. Thank you for the opportunity to meet such a great man. I never knew I could be this happy again. SONNY/San Jose

The Town & Country was a perfect location, and I hope we do go back there again. The disco/karaoke provided a great time every night, and it would be great if we could do it in Orlando next year. You guys and all the staff did a wonderful job again; the only bitches I heard were about the food. I tried to set those guys straight by explaining that when you are feeding over 1,000 people, you do not get gourmet food unless you spend a LOT of money. A couple of them seemed to get my point. Fact is, the food wasn't bad, and the desserts were very good. L.C./Los Angeles

The Twin Towers is ours. We have contracted for the entire hotel, and the nightclub will be handed over to us for the duration of the convention. We will be allowed to dance just like at Town and Country. It's sad that some people have to be constantly attempting to impress by condemnation. Would they have complained had I chosen Petit Filet of Beef Bordelaise and Breast of Chicken Pommery Cream (price to CR: $33.90 per person) instead of Friday's cannelloni dinner (price to CR: $22.63)? Most certainly. They would have complained even more about the much higher price of the registration. PHC

The San Diego Gathering was absolutely astounding. I can't put into words all the warmth and good feeling there. My heart is still overflowing from all those warm hugs the last day, as were my eyes as the shuttle pulled away from the hotel. Was there ever such a gathering? What as magnificent bunch we are. I'm sorry I didn't get more addresses; these are men to be proud to know and keep in touch with. DANDEE, my better half, stated it was the best time he'd ever had. Me too. It exceeded anything I could hope for. As I thumb through the magazines I see men I met there and talked to. Some

I'd expected, but they weren't there. Bless you Pat and Bruce and all the myriad others who made DANDEE's and my first gathering absolutely so wonderful. CHUCKEE/San Francisco

I just wanted to say how much I enjoyed the conference. In my opinion, it was much, much better than last year's. The hotel staff was infinitely more professional, those attending seemed to have a need to explore few subtexts, there was a palpable climate of affection. Perhaps the west coast has freed itself from the Puritans a bit more; at least, there were fewer kids in the candy store and a lot more nice guys. My absolute highlight was JACOBS playing *Valses Nobles*, etc. It's been a long time since I've shed a tear at a recital. I think there are two things that might be improved. The food was below usual banquet level. There weren't any creamed peas (ha). Seriously, the vegetables were superb, but the meats and breads were worse than *any* high school cafeteria AND the entertainment was a bit lengthy. Maybe some of the folks could entertain at the after-dinner cabaret instead of all at once. Oh, and if that British cowboy wants to practice on willing listeners, feel free to give him my phone number. Kristy and I'll argue over who gets the drumstick. And you guys seemed so much more mellow. I sense that good things have happened. JAY BEHR/ San Francisco

The mellowness is merely a reflection of our resignation that things can go wrong regardless of our preparations OR our attitudes. We choose the hotel, plan the events, recruit the staffers, pay all the bills, draw up contingencies, and work our butts off for an entire year without salary. Sweating it out is a waste of body fluids. PHC

I introduced myself one day at the Gathering to you guys and thanked you for your efforts. It turns out that I may have much more to thank you for than I would ever have guessed when I came out to San Diego. I met one of your models and am flying out to spend 10 days with him soon. I know you get a lot of letters and may not remember my last one about a month before the Gathering, but in it I told you of having lost my partner of 24 years this last December. The Gathering was my first attempt at meeting someone new and I had a marvelous time. The whole weekend was run so well that it is hard to imagine the sniping that you took for your earlier efforts at the Gathering being anything other than pure jealousy. I stayed an extra day and struck up a conversation with DENNY in the bar on Monday night. He was such a nice guy, and what he told me of your operation in the desert made me more aware than I had been of just how much effort you put into the magazine and how little help you have. I hope that you can reap some financial rewards soon to go along with the satisfaction you hopefully feel with each new issue and successful Gathering. You richly deserve it. T.T./Texas

It was indeed a pleasure to meet the person responsible for all the wonderfulness that was Gathering '96. Since my return, I have tried to explain to several friends what it was that I attended, and I have come to a remarkable conclusion. Those who came to the Gathering, with the exception of your extremely efficient staff, aren't members of any club or any formal group. They are simply subscribers to a magazine who, in a broader context, are members of one big happy family—a rare occurrence in today's world. And it really works! When I arrived, I was totally unprepared for my initial reaction. The analogy of the fox being left alone to guard the hen house comes to mind. If I could have split myself into several people, they all would have had fun. I will definitely be among the very first to sign up for Orlando. This letter is my humble thank you for the super time I had. The entire weekend was planned and executed so well that it was over before I had a chance to appreciate the work that went into it. I will most certainly never forget it. B.B./New York

I wish that words could convey the impact that the '96 Gathering had on me. Never before had I felt such a sense of belonging. I felt finally free to be who I truly am. Even in the supposedly open gay community, young men who prefer older men are scorned. But this past weekend I felt nothing but warmth and love. It truly is a family. And like any family, when the time to leave came, it was a truly sorrowful parting. The only thing that kept me going at the end was the thought that I would get to continue to talk to so many of these wonderful men through e-mail. I certainly didn't anticipate the response to the Internet Workshop. I was thinking that maybe 50 people would attend. I did not expect it to be standing room only. There were 120 chairs in that room! Everyone seemed to enjoy it, and after it was over I could not get ten feet without someone either asking a question or telling me how much they enjoyed it. Needless to say, that made me feel very good. CR has given so much to my life, that I was very grateful to be able to use whatever talents I have to give something back. CR is about bringing people together, and if I can help that happen, then it makes me very happy. So I wish to say thank you. Thank you for the magazine, thank you for the wonderful Gathering, thank you for assembling this wonderful family. If you were ever to have any doubts about the incredible work you've done, then just think about all the joy you've brought into the lives of men such as myself. You have created something where the sum of the parts is truly greater than the whole, and that is something to be proud of. J.A.K./Sacramento

Naturally I had to let you know how much I enjoyed the gathering in San Diego. My shyness was overcome, primarily because I knew some people who attended and they introduced me to others. After that, I just went out on my own and started acting the way most social animals do (however, I'm still looking for Mister Right if you have any candidates).

I was especially impressed with the talent demonstrated. Not only were the performers after the banquets very entertaining, but the recitals during the mornings and afternoons were outstanding. It is wonderful that you cater to diverse interests. While the recital hall was not packed for all of the recitals, it was certainly filled with enough people for anyone to draw the conclusion that the events are worth while. The art exhibit and sale was also very nice. I think it is wonderful to provide a venue for that kind of thing. I don't know about other cities, but San Antonio is not noted, so far as I know, for erotic art. I wish I had more wall space. PAPERMATE/San Antonio

BEREAVEMENT

Your beautiful articles on bereavement struck me like a bolt of lightning! The two loves of my life are gone (I hate to use the word "dead") 12 years ago and 5, respectively. I'm still numb and unfocused. A word, a song, a scene that reminds me of them gets a choked tear now. At first I couldn't stop crying. How I managed to work full-time at a very demanding job, I'll never know. The will of God was there. I would be very privileged to join the Order of the Silver Simba as a volunteer to help bereaved guys as much as I possibly can. I was once told by a psychologist that mourning for two years is the "normal" time limit. After that, it becomes a mental problem, he said. For a while I believed him and felt guilty that my mourning lasted for way over the two-year limit he imposed. Now I can only guess he was looking for potential customers, because he was so wrong. My friends say that if and when I ever find someone new, I would snap out of this fairly pronto, but everyone I've met so far doesn't come anywhere near even the worst faults of either of them. But I'm still looking. That's a tremendous advance for me. At first I had no interest whatsoever, but now I'm ready for Freddy or Jack or Jim, etc., or whomever. It takes a long time, but there is a silver lining on the darkest clouds, even if you only imagine it. Thanks! J.T./New York

The response to our call for volunteers has been a little less than what we'd hoped, but we'll keep it up until enough men come forward. We especially seek men who have lost mates and therefore have firsthand knowledge of the needs of their bereaved brothers. PHC

Many thanks to you, Pat, and BABY BEAR for giving me a group hug just before the Bereavement Workshop, when I tripped over a well of emotion and a lot of pain came pouring out. That hug meant a great deal to me. Through the letter from Sierra Frank and North Bay Jim printed in CR a couple of issues back, I have found there are many other C-Risers out there who have been or are in pain. I wrote to both gentlemen and made the 20-hour round trip drive to meet Frank a couple of months ago. Both Jim and Frank are marvelous men, and Frank has become a treasured friend. There are many services and support groups out there (thankfully) for those who have lost their partners to AIDS. However, in a group whose premise is Maturity With Class, there are also going to be those in grief who don't fit into the AIDS support network. I would be happy to work with others to help set up something. Are there any C-Riser family members out there who have some positive thoughts or suggestions about how this important area of need can be addressed? M.H./San Diego

I would like to sign on as a volunteer willing to help in any way that I can. I lost my soul-mate about four and a half years ago, and although it's been rough and still ongoing, I know the value of any help with the grieving process. Without the help of CR and in particular a connection made through the magazine, I would have been on my own completely. I don't think I could have managed without this support. Officially more than 30,000 people a year commit suicide, but the number may be even five times that number! The rate among those 65 and over has risen 9% since 1980. MAX ANDRUS/Los Angeles

FULFILLMENT OF NEEDS

I have particularly enjoyed the last issue of CR, but I thought that CR Classics #8 was really great! I couldn't help fantasizing about HORNED TOAD. The cover photo was well done, but the inside cover really got me going. He would make a great star in one of Swan's videos. I can see him with SAN JOSE, BELLYWARMER or BRUNO, or, come to think of it, why not all three! I would like to see more of the football player. Can you feature him some time soon? Since I am 72, still as horny as I always was, and not in a relationship, I rely on magazines and videos and toys to fulfill my needs. I really appreciate your magazine and the Swan videos, because most of the other things are for much younger men. It helps my ego to see someone with the same profile as I have. Thanks for being there. B.W./Kansas

THE CRUISE

Reading #74 was a revelation. The reason that life can't soar past bittersweetness is because regardless of how sweet some of the chapters are, the loss always comes. I remember sweet moments, but they were short-lived. I buried a mate, I know stark loneliness, I sometimes have to struggle financially. Now I'm told that my body is wearing out, that I have slow-growing prostate cancer. What in the world am I waiting for? Even if I have to borrow the money, I will be with my brothers on that cruise to Singapore. Because life is too short. R.D./North Carolina

The Sydney to Singapore cruise with attendant mini-tours along the way sounds like the vacation of a lifetime. I got out the old calculator and found that your package is better

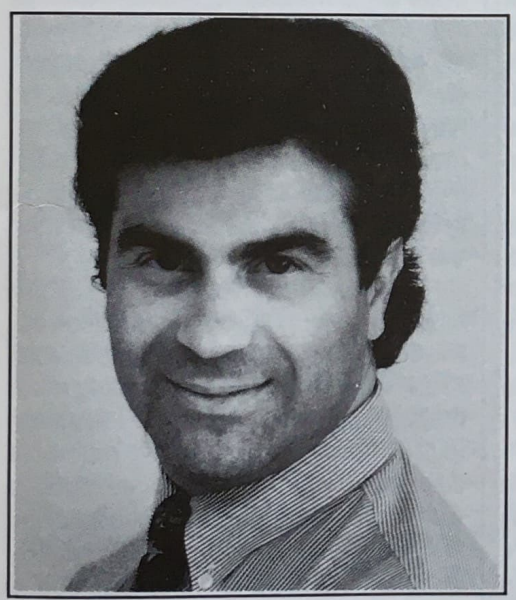
than virtually every vacation plan my travel agent spouse and I could come up with. Discounting airfare, we found that the Sydney/Singapore tour amounted to around $140 per day per person. During the San Diego Gathering, we both easily spent a little over $150 per day. A two-week driving vacation from Chicago to San Francisco would cost us over $185 per day each (exclusive of gasoline), and a weekend in Manhattan would run $275 per day minimum bare bones. And this is using moderately priced hotels and inexpensive restaurants. A week in Honolulu racks up to $165 per day per person, while a two-week vacation to Germany promises well over $300 per day. But here's the kicker: Adding airfare back in, the cruise is still around $200 per day per person. Now start adding airfare to the other packages. We're definitely coming and will be bringing a couple of other guys with us. Another couple can't take 25 days off, but they will be joining us in Sydney for the Gathering and then touring other parts of Australia. What a concept! J.R./Chicago

For those who cannot take off the full 25 days, Travel Lab offers a shorter tour which will dovetail with the cruise, joining the ship in the ports of Brisbane, Townsville, Cairns, and Darwin. Tours from Singapore (to Bangkok, Kuala Lumpur, etc.) are available as well. Contact Travel Lab. PHC

Great choice of a cruise! Fantastic concept, too. I've taken that cruise on Marco Polo before, and I must say it was spectacular. I couldn't begin to imagine how much fun it would have been with a few hundred CR guys on board! A warning: You're getting a mite late start, you know. This cruise usually fills up about 4 months prior to setting sail. Adding the fact that this is right square in the middle of Sydney's Gay Mardi Gras, and you have a cruise which will be in great demand. Good luck. I'll join you on your next one. P.B./Toronto

I would very much like to join CR in Sydney for the cruise to Singapore. Many Japanese would be interested in cruise but they are concerned about language barriers with only English-speaking hosts. Many also wish to attend gathering in U.S. but are shy about communication. Will any Japanese be in attendance? T.K./Osaka

There will be Japanese nationals and Japanese-Americans in attendance, so language will not be a problem. If these down-under events are as popular as we anticipate, there will be men from all over the world in attendance. PHC



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"Spartacus"

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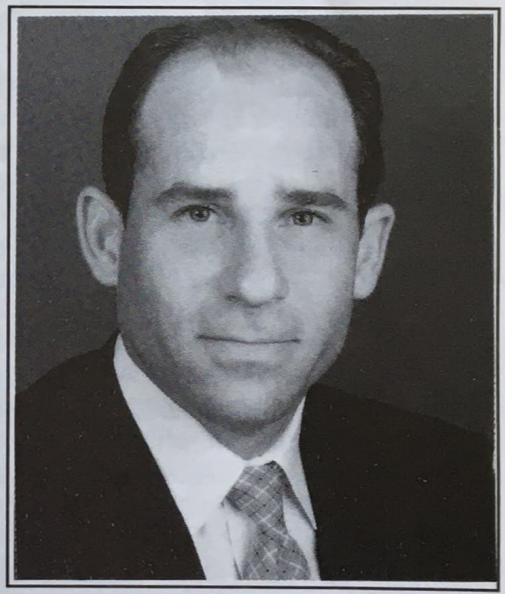

Jerome Jacolone
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THE ROADRUNNER

BY TECUMSEH

For the fourth time in an hour, Andy passed me like a flash, without acknowledging my presence, on his way from the weight room to the water fountain. We belonged to the same gym for two years—he was a member when I joined—and we both followed a strict attendance schedule: three days a week at 5:30 P.M. I had a steady racquetball game with three younger men who still worked; Andy came to the gym directly from his job.

I knew that was the case, because in the heat of summer he always arrived wearing a suit and tie and a long-sleeved white shirt. When he left, however, he put on shorts, a T-shirt, and casual shoes. All of this paraphernalia was contained in a gym bag, as large as an overnighter, that he lugged along every time he showed up.

Andy caught my eye on the first day I was there, because he was a standout, and because of the innumerable trips he made to the water fountain. I wondered how he had developed such a great body when he interrupted his workout every few minutes to hike the length of the club floor for a drink; but there was no denying, however he'd managed it, his strategy was successful. Five-foot-ten; darkly tanned; handsome, well-formed head on a well-defined body; he always wore the same black shorts and oversized red, salt-stained tank top which hung loosely on him and allowed inviting glimpses of his deeply cut pecs as he dashed by.

I'd had my chance to establish contact with Andy on the first or second day I saw him. I was watching a racquetball game going on in the glass court as Andy made one of his water runs. I happened to look up as he passed, and, in the moment our eyes connected, he apparently decided I was too intimidating to address (it *has* happened before), and I decided from his blank stare he was too far into himself to be open to a greeting. We simultaneously agreed to look away and thereby established the pattern of averting our eyes whenever we passed. *Pity.*

Being 60, and having seen all the attitude there is to see, I could have rescued us from our self-imposed routine, but I didn't have any sexual designs on Andy, and, frankly, I just enjoyed looking at him. Admittedly, I wouldn't have kicked him out of bed, but at that moment I was happily involved with a man closer to my age. Still, I've always had an eye for beauty, and Andy was well worth gazing at.

Since we came and went at approximately the same times every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, it was common to find myself in the locker room while Andy was there. I learned his name because I overheard conversations he was having as I changed clothes. I got to recognize his voice, so I often knew he was in a nearby row of lockers, even when I couldn't see him. He engaged in a lot of macho, meaningless, locker-room chit-chat with a variety of men. I gathered the data and analyzed it at leisure. It became a game for me.

For a while I had Andy pegged as a teacher, because he spent five minutes discussing teachers' pay raises with another guy who turned out to be the teacher. From another conversational snippet, I learned Andy was a customer's man at a brokerage firm. I was happy to hear he wasn't a complete dodo, but stockbrokers come in all shades and colors of fool, so knowing he sold stocks didn't tell me much. Uncovering the details of Andy's life in fits and starts didn't bother me because I felt I had time on my side. Slowly, sooner or later, the picture would fill in, and I'd have to find another game, or at least introduce myself to him.

One evening, my racquetball match ended earlier than usual and, on the way to my locker, I was stopped in my tracks by a most tantalizing sight: directly in front of me before an open locker, arms upstretched to search for something on top, stood possibly the most beautiful naked man I had ever seen in real life. The molded ass, his only untanned part, drew my immediate attention. From there, I registered the balled calves bulging from his legs as he stood on tiptoe. Then my eyes took in the widespread wings of his lats as he reached above his head. *Who the heck was this?*, I thought. When he glanced at me over his shoulder, I was amazed to recognize Andy. In all the time I had been looking at him in his gym clothes, I had never anticipated how stunning his nude form would be.

In keeping with our protocols, I looked away and opened my locker, hoping to mask my obvious gawking. As soon as I felt I safely could, I sneaked a sidelong glance, only to see Andy, wrapped in a white bath sheet from waist to calf, dashing from his locker in the direction of the showers, his magnificent buttocks pressed provocatively through the toweling as he hurried down the aisle. It took me a moment to catch my breath. I realized that my next immediate objective would be to see Andy in the nude again, but from the front.

It turned out this was not accomplished easily. Andy could transition between gym clothes and street clothes in a split second without showing more than Gypsy Rose Lee ever revealed. In fact, he used a towel very much the same way she used feathers. After a workout I would see him enter the locker room just in front of me. But by the time I got there, he was wrapped and headed for the showers or, when he was really in a rush, he just clutched his trailing towel to his washboard stomach as he padded barefoot from the locker room. Before I got my sweat-drenched things off, he was headed back, and always to a different row of lockers.

I was mildly amused by this cat-and -mouse game we played, but I really had no fears about its outcome because, as I said, I believed time to be on my side. Sooner or later, we

would collide, and I would get to claim, although momentarily, the prize. In the meantime, I found Andy's behavior bizarre in some respects. For example, he was one of perhaps three men in the locker room who ever wrapped themselves. The others may have had some reason to be embarrassed over their bodies; if anything, Andy only suffered from an excess of beauty.

Before a workout, he generally headed in bare feet for the john, carrying his sneakers and socks in his hands. Once, I heard an unseen jock yell out, "Hey Andy, don't stink it up as bad as you usually do! I gotta take a leak." This was followed with guffaws, and, a few minutes later, Andy came out with his shoes on. From this, I inferred that Andy was so efficiency-conscious he had found a way to put his shoes and socks on while taking a crap. *Well, to each his own.*

And, although Andy could shower and dress with the speed of Superman in a phone booth, he slowed to a stop before he left the gym to comb his hair for a full three or four minutes. It was odd, but I observed this phenomenon on several occasions.

One evening, I got lucky. Headed for the locker room after a racquetball match, I actually held the door open for Andy to follow me in. I was taking off my sneakers slowly—two hours of racquetball can take something out of a 60-year old—when Andy flashed by, wrapped like a mummy. I was galvanized. *Dammit! He won't escape me this time.* I abandoned my tidiness along with my tiredness, tossed everything willy-nilly into the locker, grabbed my towel, and headed for the showers.

The shower room has two heads on each side and three against the long wall opposite the entrance. Normally, the room is near empty at the times I'm showering, but this evening all seven heads were in use. It was as though everyone had turned out to see me try to catch Andy with his pants down. Andy was dead center with his back to me; he was leaning forward, supported by his hands on the wall, as the water ran over his muscular frame. I was delighted that I, leaning on the right side of the entrance, was forced to wait for an open shower as it gave me a good excuse to stare at him for as long as he refused to turn around.

As though sensing my presence, he glanced over his shoulder and caught my eye. He moved with such abrupt speed that the world, for me, shifted into slow motion. He flipped off the shower, pushed off from the wall and, stepping backward with his right foot, turned to the left as he strode from the room. I was aware of droplets flying off his spinning body, so quickly did he move. In two turning steps, he slid past me in the doorway with his back to me. My eyes followed him another step to the towel rack, where, without breaking stride, he snatched his bath sheet off a hook and swirled it around himself like a toreador working his cape. Fully wrapped, he disappeared around the corner.

I couldn't believe my eyes. I had managed to glimpse nothing! Nada! Zero! *And was this performance just for me?* Six other men must have seen him nude. *Was I to be denied? And was it just coincidental?*

After I showered he was still at the mirror at the end of the row of lockers, combing his hair. I felt frustrated as he stood there fully clothed and re-combed locks that were already in place. When he was gone, my tiredness flowed back over me, and I sat dejected, feeling as flat as Wile E. Coyote feels when he smashes against the canyon floor after another unsuccessful attempt to trap the Roadrunner. But hope springs eternal—one hears the Roadrunner's call: *Beep! Beep!*—and two days later, I was on the trail again, just like the coyote.

I contented myself for a while with musings over the cause for such behavior. He was the only weight lifter at the club who showered, so I was forced to discard the theory that he didn't want prying eyes to gape at his development. Besides, he was beautifully built, not exaggerated like the dedicated lifter, so I also threw out the theory that steroids had shrunken his genitalia.

Was he modest? Had he had a severe religious upbringing? Childhood trauma? It didn't seem likely because his conversation was truly all-American jock. Hang-ups were not detectable in his speech—and I was listening very carefully.

Was he doing this for my benefit? Couldn't be. One, he was practiced, and had his act down pat; and two, he never indicated he was aware of me, never even gave me a second glance to see how I was reacting.

I couldn't come up with a logical explanation, but neither did simple coincidence satisfy the evidence. I was certain he was hiding his cock on purpose, but the why, and from whom, eluded me.

A few months later, I was changing into my gym clothes while chatting with a jovial black man named Harold, who had mopped up the court with me in a recent match, when Andy burst in, carrying his valise-sized gym bag. He looked for an empty locker, greeted Harold enthusiastically, and selected one to the other side of me where he immediately began to shuck clothing. My ebullient friend embraced both of us in his loud conversation, but Andy directed all his responses only to Harold. They laughed about the stock market and how Andy had a really easy job because he talked all day to John Q. Public, whereas Harold addressed only lawyers and other professional men in his job, and they were hell to sell stocks to. All I had to do was slow down and pretend interest, confident that Andy's speed would soon reveal the prize.

He hung up his tie and jacket, he stripped off his shirt—a beautiful sight—removed his shoes and socks, and dropped his pants. *Well, he wears jockey shorts!* Snow-white briefs stood out against his smooth dark tan, the *Calvin Klein* emblazoned on their waistband. He paused to put his trousers on a hanger, and I waited for his next move.

He dropped the red tank top over his head. *Oh well, it had seen so many washings, it hardly covered anything, and certainly didn't come down to his navel. Now, what's next?*

He slipped his black shorts on.

What?! He doesn't wear a jock?

He uses a weight belt but he lifts in CKs? I couldn't believe my eyes. *Beep, beep!* The coyote slammed into the canyon floor again. I gave up in despair. Utter, utter, black despair.

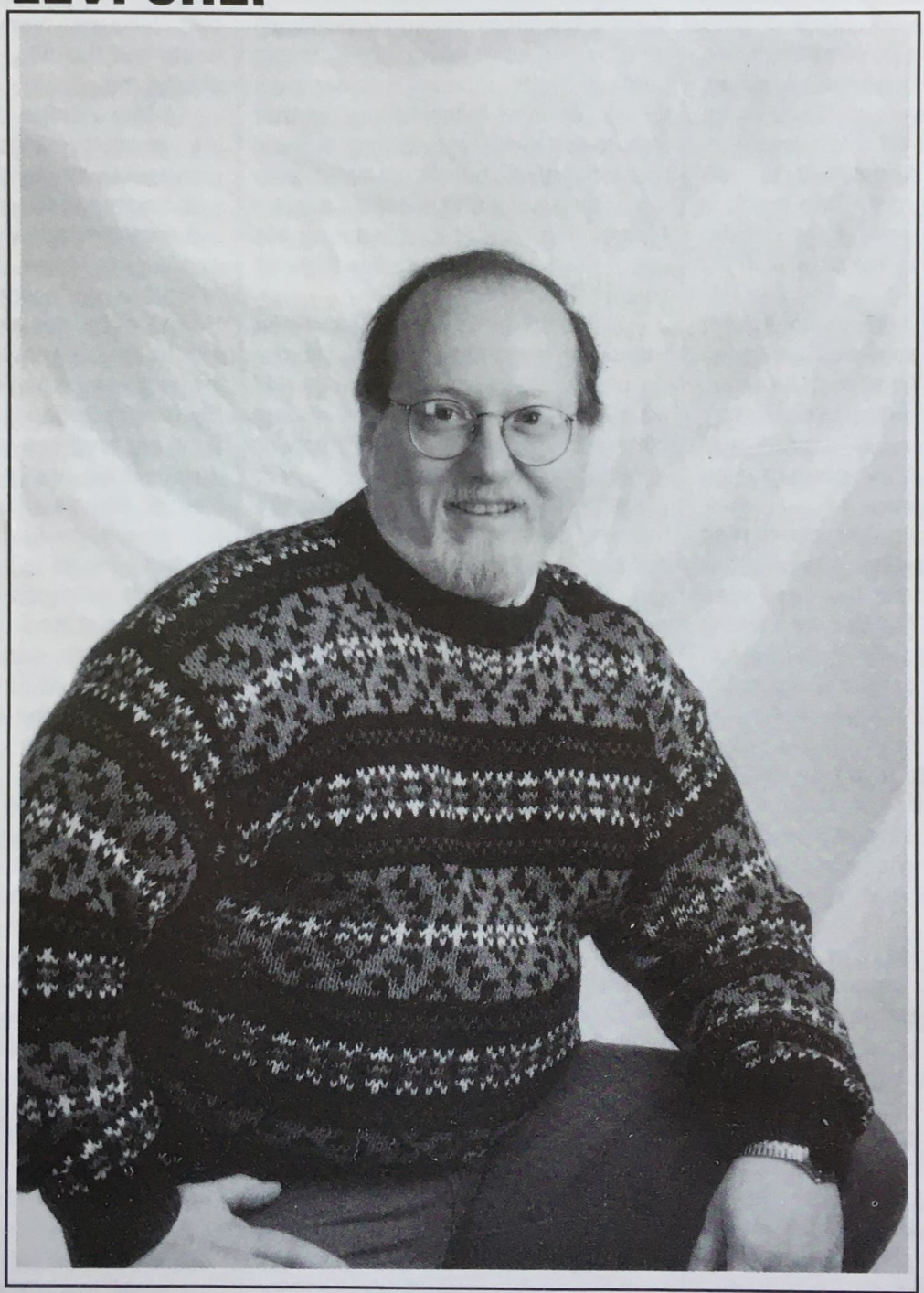
Weeks later, after not seeing Andy for a reasonable time, I cautiously asked one of the trainers if he knew what had happened to him. "You know, that fellow who always wore the red tank top. Worked out as regularly as a clock."

"Oh, you must mean Andy. He's gone. Two weeks now. Moved to Phoenix. Got a job transfer. Said he needed more sun."

I was forced to conclude I had miscalculated. Time was not only *not* on my side, it had entirely run out. Andy had won, had beaten me at my own game. I shook my head in wonder. It was simply incredible the lengths to which a consummate cocktease would go to keep his admirer dangling on the string. I could hear Andy laughing all the way to Arizona. To my mind, it sounded remarkably like *"Beep, beep!"*

Tecumseh, 60, 5'10", and 195#, lives in San Antonio with his life partner, Kokopelli. He enjoys interesting men of all ages. He likes fitness, writing, nudism, and bread making. E-mail him at TecumxehTX@aol.com.

LEVI CHEF



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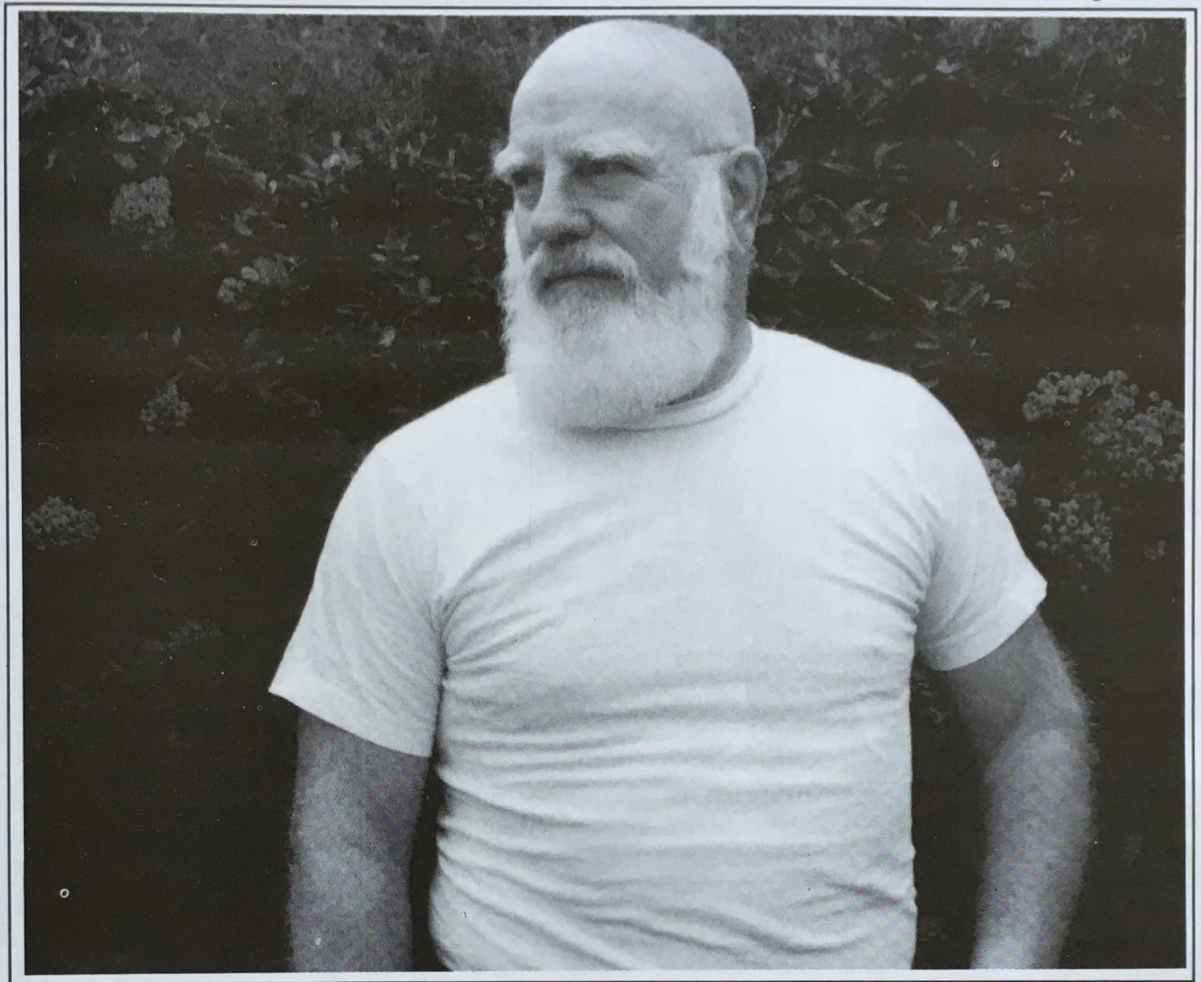


PAUL NELSON

shutterhug

THE BASS LAKE COUNTY CHRONICLES

THE CLERGY

BY D.W.BRECKENRIDGE

Father Francis shouldn't have accepted the invitation to this packed gathering of the Bass Lake County Fraternal Order of the Owls. He didn't belong at this overheated, boozy, stag fund-raiser, even if he had spent his whole life ministering to the spiritual needs of these familiar faces and their families. Obligation. Civic duty. All hands together for the betterment of the community. He had used these identical, trite phrases himself to secure the needs of his own congregation. Turnaround is fair play, he had falsely reasoned.

But Father Francis had become careless the last few years. He had been seen once too often having one too many beers on the golf course, or remaining too late at these fraternal fund-raisers, then ending up in a late night poker game and making a hasty exit to serve 6:00 a.m. Mass, still reeking of cigar smoke and liquor. What was acceptable social behavior from the members of his flock would not be tolerated from their aged spiritual leader.

Standing at the bar, finishing the last of his fourth brandy and soda with a lemon twist, and intent upon ordering a fifth, he heard a rich baritone voice behind him say, "Father Francis? I'm Robert Victorian, the newly appointed rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church. One of my parishioners pointed you out. I thought it was time we should meet."

Robert Victorian was not at all what Father Francis had expected. Standing at his side was a tall, trim, youthful figure, clad in a spotless dark-blue suit, light blue shirt, and pin-striped tie fastened by a tiny gold Phi Beta Kappa key. His warm smile revealed a row of startling white teeth, and he had a firm nose, strong chin, fathomless dark-brown eyes, and a deeply tanned face which bore no visible scars of his twice-daily required shave.

Grasping the outstretched hand, Father Francis quickly regathered his wits. "I'm sorry. I didn't expect to find another clergyman at this fund-raiser. Especially one as young as you. In fact," he continued, now comfortably under control, "I was trying to figure out how I could escape."

Nodding toward the makeshift stage being erected, Father Francis said, "I think the evening's entertainment is about to make her grand entry, if you know what I mean. Bass Lake's stag parties tend to get a little smutty, I'm afraid. Sort of a throwback to the 50s. Bring in a stripper from Minneapolis to loosen the checkbooks, you might say. These are good people, but ..."

"Well, in that case, why don't we depart together. I don't suppose the Owls would want the likes of us hanging around too long anyway. Care to join me for a cup of coffee at the Country Kitchen? There's probably a lot of other local traditions of which I need to become informed," Robert chuckled.

"A neat brandy back at the parsonage sounds better to me. And I think I can manage to find some instant coffee just in case you don't care to join me in my one, small, but forgivable weakness."

As Father Francis disappeared down the darkened hallway of the parsonage to find the brandy and two matching glasses, Robert casually surveyed the sparsely furnished living room with its castoff furniture, mismatched end tables, dirty, threadbare carpet, and the obligatory cheap prints of obscure saints. Neither was he shocked by the overwhelming dreariness of the room nor did he attempt to contrast it with the opulent comforts of his own parsonage.

Both men and residences simply reflected the natural social order of Bass Lake County. The four contentious Lutheran denominations claimed the souls of the middle-class farmers and businessmen; the small but heavily endowed Episcopal Church laid claim to the community's doctors, lawyers, and anyone else intent upon assaulting the rigid social order; and the Roman Catholic Church was left with those who would forever find themselves on the wrong side of the tracks, battling feverishly to put a few crumbs on the table and clothes on the backs of their too-numerous children.

Returning from the kitchen with a half-bottle of cheap brandy and two juice glasses, the best a penurious Father Francis and an even poorer St. Kevin's could manage in these times of dwindling congregations and resources, Father Francis said, "Cheers!" and comfortably lodged himself in the tattered, over-stuffed recliner opposite where Robert sat on the sagging cushions of the sofa.

As the night wore on, the brandy bottle became drained of its amber liquor, and the conversation drifted from professional concerns to personal revelations. Robert felt strangely attracted to this balding, rotund figure with his frayed clerical collar and off-white cuffs, his rumpled suitcoat and baggy, unpressed pants, and scuffed Oxford shoes with a small hole in one sole,

this genial companion who now somewhat drunkenly slouched in the recliner as he related his unlikely pathway to the priesthood. Almost unaware of what Father Francis was saying, his attention shifted in utter fascination to the almost sensual, fleshy lips which moved animatedly, the wiry, black tufts of hair which covered the tops of each thick finger and spewed forth in abundant profusion from his ears, and the monstrously large mound of flesh which became outlined against his left thigh whenever Father Francis reached toward his end table to pour himself another drink or take another cigarette from the crumpled packet lying there.

"Are you celibate?" Robert asked suddenly, interrupting Father Francis' tale.

The question resounded like a shot throughout the room. Father Francis took a sip of brandy.

"Well, now," Father Francis uttered. He wished he could clearly see Robert's face and expression. His years as father confessor to the most banal and atrocious sins of his parishioners had given him that uncanny ability to determine the level of a man's sincerity, guilt, and yes, even passion from just one cursory glance. But Father Francis had imbibed far too much brandy to distinguish anything clearly within this dimly lit room.

"Well, now..." he repeated, hoping beyond hope that Robert Victorian would rescue him by relating some guilt-filled tale to which he could simply nod in understanding sympathy.

But Rector Victorian remained silent. There would be no tortured saga, no twisted, arcane tale, no sordid divulgence of youthful improprieties.

"Another brandy, perhaps?" Father Francis offered. He attempted to get up. "Ah yes, celibacy, is it? 'Tis a thorny problem, especially amongst our troubled youth."

"And possibly amongst our equally troubled, older clergy?" Robert added. "I'm curious to know where you stand on the issue. How you personally deal with celibacy."

"Yes, 'tis a knotty issue," Father said. Once again he attempted to arise from his chair. "I'm afraid it's late. I have a six o'clock Mass to serve."

Father Francis struggled valiantly to rise from the recliner, but only managed to drop his glass and knock over an overflowing ash tray.

"Here. Give me your hand. I'll help you up, Father," Robert said, and with one massive heave, pulled Father Francis to a somewhat unsteady standing position. Groggily surveying the litter of cigarette butts and glass shards surrounding his feet, he cursed his folly under his breath and accompanied an unsteady Robert down the hallway while stringing out his standard repertoire of platitudes concerning the evening of stimulating conversation with a fellow man-of-the-cloth.

Having reached the door, Robert turned and with one startlingly swift movement embraced Father Francis and kissed him. Not one of those innocent fraternal pecks on the cheek, but a sensuous, lingering, tongue-thrusting declaration whose intent was perfectly obvious, even to Father Francis. "Good night, dear man. We must get together again. And soon."

Not even the frigid blast of cold air from the now-empty doorway sobered Father Francis as much as that improbable departure. "What the hell was that all about?" he muttered before tottering his way upstairs and collapsing, still fully clothed, onto his bed. Emma, his ever-faithful and long-suffering housekeeper, would deal with the shambles in the living room; but no one other than Father Francis himself could subdue the jumble of images swirling through his head, or find rest until he attended to the increasingly violent rumblings of his long-dormant Vesuvius which surprisingly erupted almost without warning only moments before he passed out.

Luckily for Father Francis, only four parishioners were present for his highly abbreviated, 6:00 a.m. Mass the following morning. Returning to the parsonage at 6:45 a.m., he was greeted by a silent, scowling Emma and served a bowl of cold, glutinous oatmeal, stale toast, and a glass of souring milk, which not even the stray cat, who appeared on the kitchen stoop each morning, would touch. On the kitchen table was, however, Emma's hastily scribbled message indicating that Rector Victorian had called and expected him for lunch that morning at 11:30.

Father Francis attempted to work in his study on the mountain of correspondence which needed his attention, but his thoughts were preoccupied with one Robert Victorian. Father Francis was not totally inexperienced in matters of the flesh. On more than one of his annual pastoral retreats, he had found himself contemplating and indulging in matters of a highly unspiritual nature; but these stealthy, clerical trysts were mere passionless matings, akin to the rutting behavior of juvenile males in heat, beginning and ending without even so much as a handshake or a 'well-done, mate.' And unless he had either misinterpreted Robert Victorian's departing gesture or imagined the whole brief episode, what was about to commence was totally beyond the pale of his previous experience. Like his mountain of unanswered correspondence, Father Francis could certainly contemplate the delights a Robert Victorian might provide, yet it was more constant with his nature simply to ignore one Robert Victorian and the complications which further contact with the man might create. Messy, uncontrolled human entanglements, rather than any moral or religious scruple Father Francis might have concern-

ing his own sexual proclivity, frightened him more than anything else. No, he would not honor Robert Victorian's 11:30 summons, freshly groomed, nattily dressed, drenched in Old Spice cologne, a nervous, aged groom anticipating the delights of the bridal bed. No, he would remain the stalwart countrified priest, firm in his resolve to withstand the temptations of the flesh, ever-valiant in his attempts to remain celibate.

At precisely 11:29 a.m. a freshly groomed, soberly dressed, nervous, aged cleric, clutching an expensive bouquet of fresh flowers, rang the bell of St. Andrew's parsonage and was promptly ushered inside. "Father Francis!" Robert Victorian chortled as he accepted the flowers and pecked him on the cheek. "My, you're looking handsome this morning, and I love the smell of your cologne. Old Spice, I bet."

Father Francis blushed violently and his hands and legs began to twitch nervously. Was he totally insane coming here, ignoring every vow and rational resolve he had made throughout the whole morning? Of course not, he thought as he half-listened to Robert prattle on about everything and nothing at all. It was not too late to heed the voice of wisdom, of reason. To place his cards squarely on the table. To put this cocky whippersnapper and all his airy assumptions in his place! He followed Robert into the living room and took one large gulp from a perfectly mixed martini, then another, then drained his cocktail and set his glass on the coffee table. He cleared his throat, cursed himself for having forgotten his cigarettes in the car, and said, "Robert? Will you please shut up and kiss me?"

"I thought you'd never ask," Robert said. Setting down his own cocktail and moistening his lips, he complied without further ado.

It was a long, thoughtful, unartful meshing of two unfamiliar sets of lips, embarking upon an initial tentative exploration. Mildly hesitant in this initial sally into the unknown, then having reached a plateau of mutual satisfaction, racing thirstily with pure abandonment into uncharted regions of heady delights. Pausing momentarily as if by mutual, silent consent, Father Francis and Rector Victorian simultaneously took a deep breath, glanced downward to appraise the autonomic reaction of this exploratory voyage, and with a hearty chuckle expanded the scope and content of their reciprocal foray.

Father Francis stroked Robert's head, which lay comfortably nestled against his chest. He glanced at his watch and said, "Robert, I have to be going. I have to serve evening Mass in one hour, and I'm absolutely starving to death."

Robert chuckled sleepily. "Sorry, Father. We never quite got around to lunch, did we."

"Not the kind of lunch a grown man could live on!" he laughed and untangled himself from Robert and the crumpled bed sheets. "And stop calling me Father! My name is Samuel! Although I'm clearly old enough to be your sire, I'm not about to encourage your incestuous fantasies. Got that?"

"Yes sir!"

"And you better stop that business, too!"

"Yes, Samuel," Robert laughed and tossed a pillow at him.

"Now, close your eyes as I attempt to re-clothe this ungainly, overweight torso of mine. I do wish to retain some shreds of dignity."

"Samuel, Samuel, what am I going to do with you. I suppose you would simply become indignant again if I told you I find your hirsute, voluptuous, pulchritudinous corporality highly erotic, an Epicurean delight to a proselyte, such as myself, who is likewise addicted to pudendic intumescence and buttockial largesse, physiological attributes in which you excel in nearly mythical dimensions. One day I'm going to get some plaster of Paris and..."

"You're a sick man, Robert, and stop showing off!" Samuel said in mock anger. "But I adore you for flattering my tattered ego." He leaned over and kissed Robert playfully.

"Will I see you tonight?" Robert asked as he helped Samuel fasten his suspenders and began searching under the bed for one missing sock.

Samuel sat heavily on the edge of the bed. "Do you think that would be wise?" he said thoughtfully. "What occurred here this afternoon was wonderful. I don't regret one minute of what we did, and although I have violated every vow I took as a priest, I shall not ask God to forgive me for something that was so right and wonderful. But..." he paused in serious contemplation as Robert handed him his sock.

"But what? I could confess the same feelings, Samuel. Two priests with an identical dilemma. But ..."

"Robert," Samuel interrupted. "How old are you? Thirty-seven, thirty-eight at best?"

"Thirty-two."

"Oh, dear God! That's even worse than I thought!"

" But what does my age have to do with anything?"

"It has everything to do with it—with us!' he stated resolutely.

Samuel finished dressing quickly, then turned to Robert. His voice was steely and firm. "I'll be sixty-four in three weeks. I don't wish to fall in love with you. I don't wish to grow senile and watch you take pity on me. I don't wish to watch you enter the prime of your life while I fall apart and decay. I don't wish to be racked from pillar to post by the emotions of youthful love. I don't wish to be your mentor, your advisor, your teacher, your counselor, your... your father-figure. If I have to fall in love, and God help me I could fall in love so

easily with you, at least let it be with a man my own age and not someone who will remind me every waking moment that I'm cheating him of the best years of his life! That is why I can't and won't see you again, Robert. Now, good-bye! And thank you for giving an old man the most memorable day of his life."

"Samuel!" Robert's voice rang out with the metallic hardness of one long used to being in a position of authority, and whose decisions were seldom challenged. "Tonight! Eight o'clock! I expect you to be here!"

Father Francis breathed deeply the icy cold air as he walked slowly to the parsonage after saying Mass and counselling a clearly distraught parishioner who had discovered she was pregnant with her eighth child and had sought his advice on her decision to have an abortion. Heavy snowflakes filled the air, covering the dirty snowbanks lining the narrow path. He was cold and exhausted. He felt so old, so helpless. So useless. So terribly alone. He shivered slightly as he turned toward the dark, shabby parsonage. Another night watching silly sitcoms on the old black-and-white television set, tipping a few brandy and sodas, then climbing the stairs to sleep in the frigid bedroom. Tomorrow, he would serve early Mass as usual, then attack in earnest that mountain of neglected correspondence.

He mounted the unshoveled steps and spotted the old cat which sat patiently awaiting a handout. "Poor old cat. Nobody to take care of you," he said and picked it up. It curled against the warmth of Samuel's chest, switched its tail, and began purring loudly. "Poor old unloved cat. Fat and sassy just like me. Just as cussedly independent, too," he muttered as it jumped from his arms and disappeared. He paused again after he mounted the last step. He pushed up the sleeve of his ancient wool coat and in the moonlight read 8:19. He turned around and walked slowly down the street toward St. Andrews. He still had a little time yet. And besides, better a little late than never at all.

D.W. BRECKENRIDGE is a CR Hall of Famer who resides in the Twin Cities. He just completed a successful self-publishing venture with his Bass Lake County Chronicles and continues to write with his partner, Sim Varner, a writer of spine-tingling mysteries. He welcomes all correspondence.

AN URGENT MESSAGE FROM OBSCURITY

Mr. J. Henry Fenwick, Editor
Modern Maturity Magazine
3200 E. Carson St.
Lakewood, CA 90712

Dear Mr. Fenwick,

We share a profound responsibility. Perhaps it's never occurred to you, but *Modern Maturity* almost certainly has the largest senior homosexual, bisexual and sexually eclectic readership of any magazine, and I'll bet we come in second with the male variety of that mix.

At a recent convention for 1,400 of our readers in San Diego, a 67-year-old retiree from Arkansas approached me with tears in his eyes. "A man I met at a swap meet showed me a copy of *Chiron Rising*," he said. "Until that day, I pretended to be alive and useful in spite of my intense loneliness and isolation. I always listen to network news, and I read every senior publication out there, but I never heard a word about CR. Why? Who's responsible for informing men like me that CR is the answer to our prayers?"

I've been churning out this magazine for over 10 years without a salary or an advertising budget. I arrange popular reader gatherings all over the country just to bring in extra cash to offset endless price increases for paper, postage and freight. I'm 56 and my life partner is 76. We work seven days a week and live modestly in the High Desert.

We're doing something noble here, but we'll be but a fond memory if some mainstream publicity doesn't come our way. We absolutely must grow to a size more beneficial to our segment of the senior community and more attractive to investors.

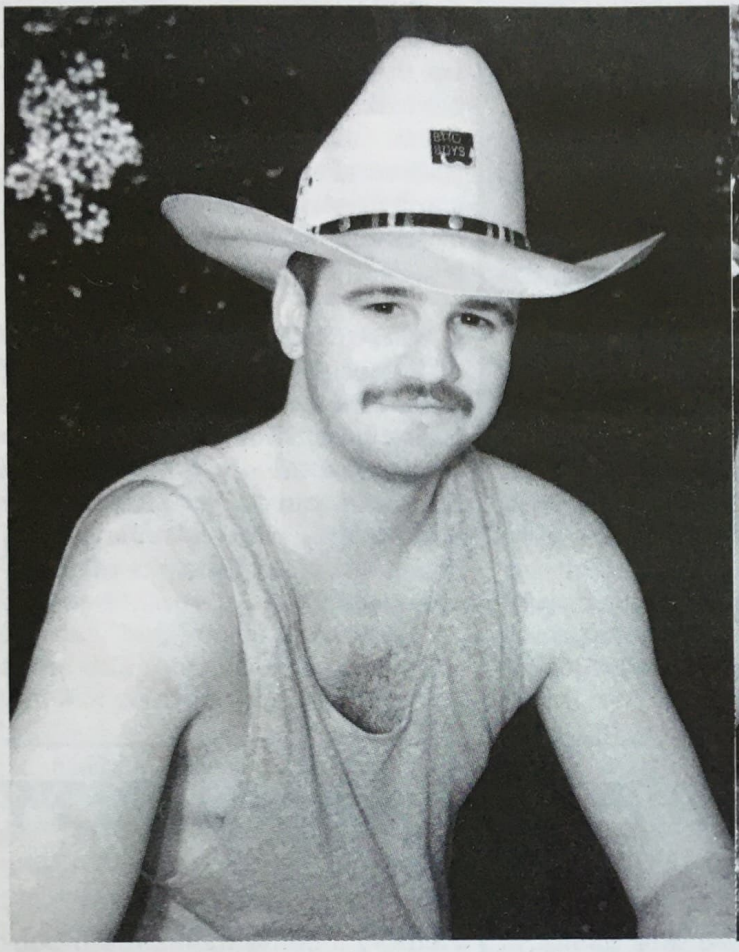
Would you consider sharing some of the responsibility by implementing a story of keen interest to several hundred thousand of your readers? Enclosed is a copy of our latest issue for your consideration. I trust you will look past the nudity and observe the essence of what we hope to accomplish.

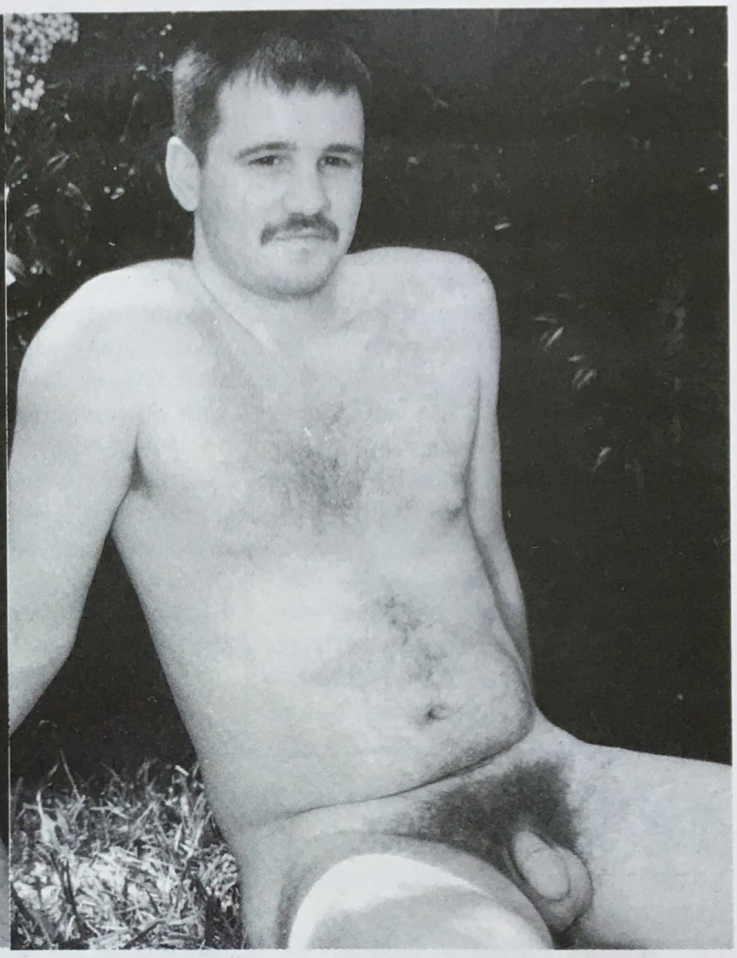
Best,

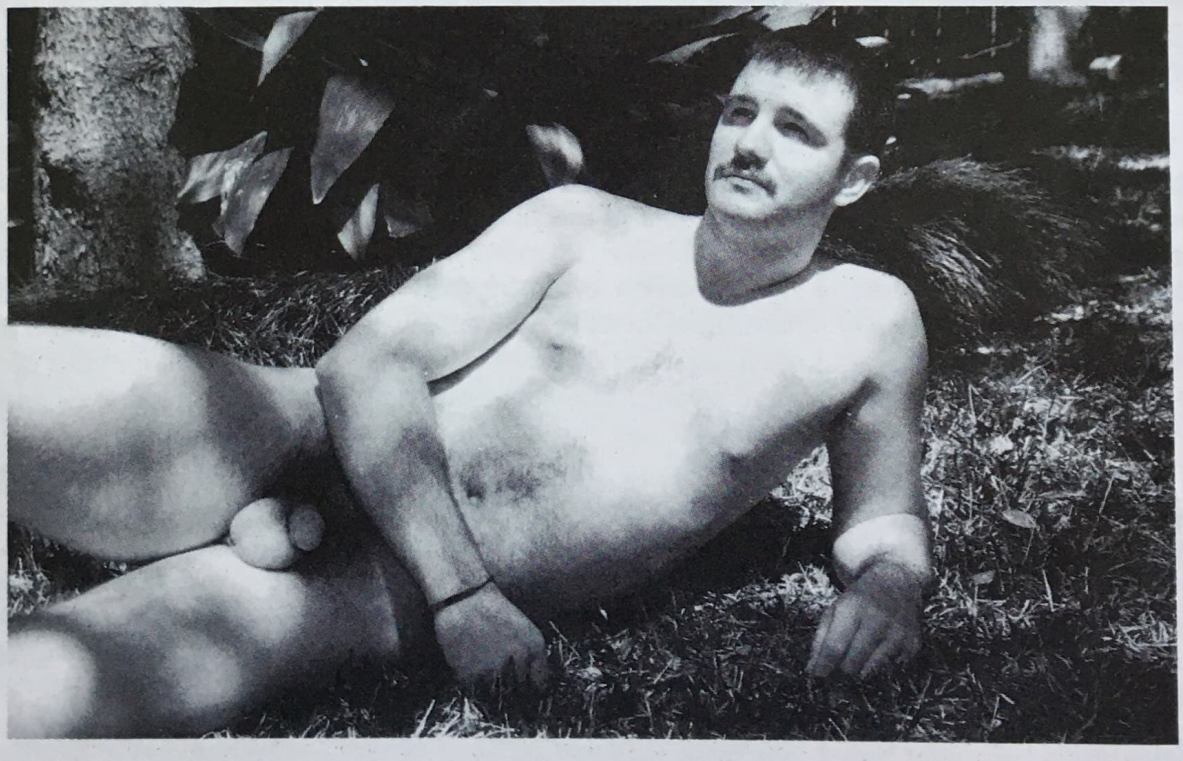
Patrick H. Colley, President
Chiron Rising Publications, Inc.

iceman

photos by joel







BURNED OUT
I DUNNO... MAYBE I'M GETTIN' A LITTLE BURNED OUT ON SEX!
YEAH?
SEEMS LIKE EVERY DAY I LIE OUT HERE, WAITIN' TO GET HIT ON... BUT NOBODY'S INTERESTED!
Y'THINK?
HELL, EVEN WHEN SOMETHING DOES HAPPEN, IT'S USUALLY UNSATISFYING... A QUICKIE WITH NO REAL FOREPLAY...
UH-HUH.
I'M GETTIN' OFF THIS GODDAM MERRY-GO-ROUND AND BECOMING A MONK!
ALL RIGHT...
STARTIN' TOMORROW!
©QUESTAL • 1994

BETTER THAN BIGGER

By Pug Snider

I must have had a helluva lot more than my usual nightcap. I rolled over and reached out to emptiness. Hard, still roused by my starring role in one of those realer than real orgy dreams, it took only a second to recall that I had not gone to bed alone. In fact, my new king-size mattress had been initiated with a celebration that was surprisingly warm and wild and completely satisfying. All the more so as it had been the first time in two years I had brought anybody home. Two fucking years. I had begun to think I was over the hill with maybe nothing to look forward to but prostate trouble and watching "Wheel of Fortune."

After a quick run into the bathroom and a long piss that killed the "stiffy" that was almost impossible to aim straight, my mind finally cleared enough to put together the events which had led to our quick state of intimacy. His name was Zack. Shortly after ten p.m. I had picked him up along Interstate 80. Cornfields and freeways lay shrouded in fog. His rig, he explained, lay mired in a soft patch of shoulder six feet below grade level. I had been only too quick to suggest that he make his phone call from my place which was conveniently less than a half-mile off the next ramp. The fog was beautiful. And so was Zack.

There was a brief phone conversation to someone named Wayne. It was agreed that they would meet at the scene of the accident at 5:00 a.m. Over a freshly-opened bottle of Johnnie Walker, waiting for just such an occasion, I played host to the hilt. In nothing flat it was bedtime.

Only a newly-widowed gay man knows what it's like to find oneself single in a small town where all the gays are strictly paired off. A predator soon learns the rules and does his hunting outside the clique. Until Fred's death, the two of us had enjoyed a happy ten years. We had come as transplants from Chicago, fully committed to each other, no threat to any of the local couples.

During Fred's brief illness, the funeral, and suitable weeks of mourning, all our friends had rallied around me with a warm support that is seldom found in the straight world.

Time heals. However, once the bandages are off, horniness sets in, and a guy starts to look around. Invitations dropped off. I was included only in the big Christmas affairs and the famous Fourth of July celebrations hosted by Kevin and Larry. I got the message and soon confined my "shopping sprees" to monthly weekends up in Chicago. "Bargains" in the big city proved not only costly but pitifully disappointing. Over a period of time I had lost an expensive wrist watch, a cashmere sweater, several hundred dollars in cash, and a lot of self-respect.

I had just about given up my search for true love. I put my cock on hold, went about my little chores at the Farmers' Trust, cultivated straight friends I had long neglected, and tried to revive the prize roses which had suffered since Fred's death. Zack had appeared at exactly the right time. There was something very romantic about the way he had drifted in with the fog. The idea of his being a truck driver was a plus. Ever since I had been a small boy, I had fantasized about the rough leather giants who manned the beautiful rigs like superior beings roaring along the broad stretch of interstate which had boldly stolen away most of Dad's pasture.

Before I get too involved in boring you with details of the farm and my sad childhood (my whole life had been pretty dumb till Fred rescued me from indecision and despair), I will get back to Zack. If you are like a lot of the people I know—and I suspect you are—you want the vital statistics. O.K., Zack was big, and I mean really big, in spite of the fact that he stood not more than five foot eight. He was thick-chested, flat-bellied, green-eyed, and nice and hairy, including even his buttocks, where, fortunately, the golden-brown fuzz stopped just short of his asshole. If you happen to be a "ball" man—and you would be surprised how balls seem to be a very important consideration these days—I can report that Zack's brownish, suede-like scrotum was weighted down with what appeared to be a pair of ripe peaches. No jockey-type briefs could have contained this bulk. As a consequence he favored old-fashioned boxers. This fact had been established long before he shed his pants. All during our drinks and early conversation my eyes had fastened on his left upper trouser leg where the fabric strained against his ample thigh.

I have, on occasion, been with guys who are so preoccupied with their super endowment that they figure you can't wait until they unveil the promised treasure and prove it to be genuine. Invariably, these mortals blessed (or cursed?) with Olympian anatomy insist upon instant worship and sufficiently devout attention to the abnormally greedy demands of such heroic symbols of male perfection. They seldom bother with conversation unless it's confined to compliments and proper expressions of disbelief on the part of the poor sucker so ready to grovel before Sir Big.

Zack was not like this, although he could easily have qualified. He accepted perfunctory compliments. I was duly impressed, and I let him know it. He, on his part, made a few nice comments on my own body. Fred had long since assured me that I had a better than average cock, a decent pair of balls, and an ass that never failed to charm him. As a consequence, I was never intimidated by donkey dongs and their owners who had no time for real conversation.

Good talks, probably even more than good sex, rate high on my list of

priorities. Zack was a mine of information particularly on the subject of his career on the road. It was a world far more colorful than my cage down at the Bank. Zack had handled the big stuff, the Queen Marys of the road. He had weathered ice, snow, hail, desert heat and flash floods. The Johnnie Walker whetted his appetite as it whetted my own, hungry for tales of adventure. He had obviously experienced danger, fun, U.F.O. sightings, and sex on interstates from Walla Walla to Winston-Salem.

He was a listener as well as a spellbinder. He accepted my small contributions with respect. Mild tidbits in regard to my stuffy little job—no match for his exploits—seemed actually to interest him. The comparison between our occupations was no more embarrassing than the obvious discrepancy between our genitals. Besides, more than once, he made reference to my superior height. Zack claimed that a few more inches would have eliminated the need for the raiser on his driving seat. There was a nice give and take, and we went to bed not as strangers but as two friends. I felt like I'd known him for a long, long time.

We tried everything in the book. Everything we did was mutually agreeable. Not strictly according to the book, but nonetheless very pleasant, he invented things on the spot. He investigated territory I'd never before considered. At the same time, he inspired me to investigate certain areas which, to some people, are not particularly worthy of exploration. He felt perfectly comfortable with my unleashed fetishes such as toes (he had great toes) and ears (his were shells) and fingers (he had fingers, especially thumbs, which to me were obscene enough to require concealing gloves). I could picture those capable hands controlling the steering wheels of those big rigs.

I probably made a big mistake by saying "I love you" just before we fell asleep. I think his response was "Horseshit" or some such rejoinder, but he softened the blow by saying, "I like you—a lot—but let's get some sleep before five a.m. rolls around."

I was hoping that he would slip into the spoon position as Fred had invariably done, but Zack hung onto the far side of the huge bed, and within seconds he was snoring. I figured maybe he was one of those sleepers who prefer a certain amount of "space" after sex. I could not fault him on that score. There had even been times when Fred required distance—maybe two or three nights at a stretch when his creative muse summoned him. There had been nights when I missed him next to me, but I fully appreciated the need that drove him to the guest room where some nights he would pound out his ideas for the novel that I was sure would make us both rich someday.

Zack could have the guest room. If only he would stay. I felt sure we could make a go of it as a couple. I felt my long search was over, and I would soon be resuming my place in local society as half of a good substantial settled "married" couple. Zack had explained that SAFE-SURE TRANSPORT kept him on the road for as long as ten days at a time, and then there'd be a four-day layoff. So what? I thought. That would not be too much worse than being partners with a traveling salesman.

Getting back into circulation again, especially with a prize like Zack, was a prospect that set me to dreaming. I was certainly not meant to live alone. My nesting instinct was too strong. Even though Zack had laughed at my rash declaration of Love, I felt somehow that his mention of liking could grow and develop into the real thing. After all, even Fred had at first not been exactly head-over-heels. Hadn't it taken at least six months before he broke down and said the Big L Word?

To go back to that foggy morning: waking and finding my truck driver had departed silently, I dawdled over breakfast, convinced that soon I would be cooking for two again. I figured that by July I would be in a position to attend the fireworks-and-champagne bash at Kevin and Larry's place, not alone, but squired by what would undoubtedly prove to be the catch of the season. I could afford to look at that bunch now, without envy, without malice. Let's face it, like Fred often said, they were a rather effete breed. They were nice enough, I suppose—dentists, lawyers, interior decorators—all pretty tame with the exception of Stewart's latest addition to the circle. This one had been a quarterback at Iowa, had even played in a Rose Bowl game many years ago.

When the sun came out, I could stand it no longer, and I drove over to the spot on the interstate where I had first encountered Zack. I got out of my car and walked a mile of the soft shoulder where his rig had got stuck. I found no trace. I damned myself for having overslept; I could have driven Zack there where he was to have met this Wayne. Was Wayne another driver? One of the officials at SAFE-SURE? I went home and counted the days before I'd get a call from Zack.

When more than a month had passed, I began to worry. During tornado weather I felt particularly anxious. I even had a terrible dream in which I saw his big rig jackknifed and him lying amid the cargo spilled over the freeway. One afternoon I saw a gleaming SAFE-SURE eighteen-wheeler standing idle at a red light. I peered up into the cab, but the driver was an older guy, fat, tired, and kind of sad-looking.

Could he have lost my phone number? Could he have been transferred to the East Coast? West Coast? Looking through the yellow pages, I found several addresses for SAFE-SURE. The nearest was about two miles away, over on the Iowa side of the river. I phoned and inquired as to the whereabouts of their driver Zack Kitterman. The young lady who answered checked her list of drivers and reported that she had no Zack Kitterman. I guess I was a bit nasty to her, and I requested that she put me in touch with a supervisor. When he came on, he played with the name for a minute or two. Then things looked brighter when he said, "Oh, Kitterman! Sure. No Zack, sir, but we have a Harold Kitterman who works over in the main office in payroll."

There could hardly be two Kittermans at SAFE-SURE. However, I insisted that the Kitterman I wanted was a driver. I let the guy know that the Kitterman I wanted handled the big

babies. To convince him I mentioned that he was on the Walla Walla run. The subject was closed when I was rather rudely informed that this one, the only Mr. Kitterman, drove nothing bigger than a baby-blue Volkswagen which he could see from where he was sitting. Grasping at straws, I timidly asked if possibly there was a "Wayne" employed there.

Supervisors can be very snotty, and this one was no exception. He said—and did I detect a slight leer in his voice?—if you are referring to Wayne Duckett, Wayne is Kitterman's roommate." And there was something about the way he pronounced "roommate" that sounded funny. I hung up.

I never forget a name. And I could hardly forget a name like Duckett. My thoughts went back to sixth grade. Wayne Duckett had been a nice enough kid—not quite right in the head—but when his old man died, he came into something like a million bucks. As far as I knew, he still lived on the Duckett farm out past the airport. This was confirmed when I dialed the number listed under W. H. Duckett, Route One, Pesaukee. "I'd like to speak to Zack, please—or Harold." The voice that answered sort of matched the face I recalled from sixth grade. Money had not erased the slight lisp: "Harold is in Chicago—I think." I explained that his Volkswagen was parked in front of his office at SAFE-SURE. "Maybe so," he countered, "I let him take the Mercedes. He loves the Mercedes."

That brief conversation put an end to my dream. I had no trouble realizing that Zack—so careful not to commit—had not found it too difficult to fall in love with Wayne Duckett—and all that goes with the Duckett name.

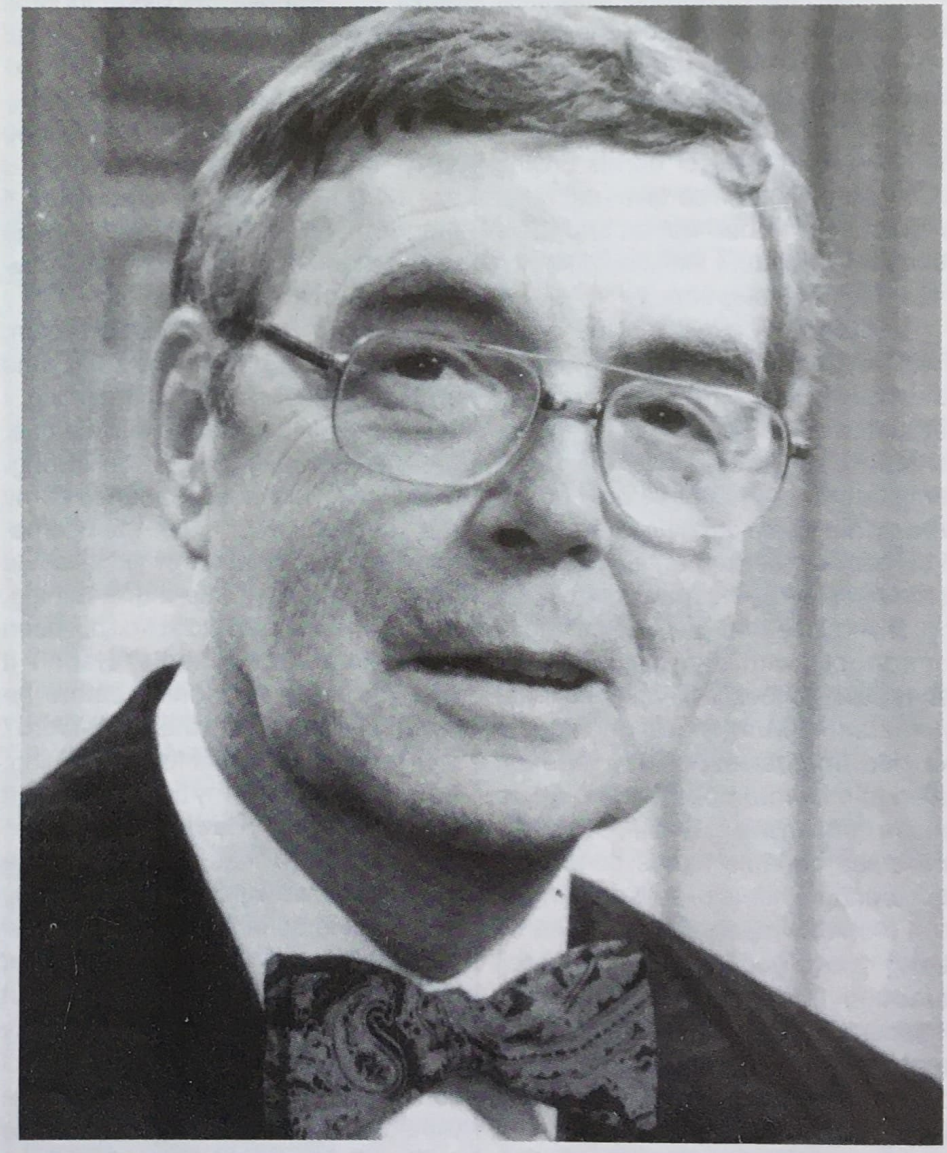
Fred—bless his soul—had many, many times assured me that should he die first, God forbid, that I would have no great problem hooking up with a replacement. He was a wise man—wiser than I ever suspected—and his words gave me the confidence to pick myself up and start all over again. Small point, I should never have let myself fall for a pair of green eyes. Green eyes have been my undoing more than once. Slightly larger point, gentlemen—if you are still with me—those exaggeratedly large balls can lead to serious disorders in later life, so I am told.

Fred would be happy to know that I finally found a very wonderful person to help me rebuild my life. When Ambrose retired, he was replaced by a new young teller from Des Moines. Quite an improvement over Ambrose and his tendency to fart as though he were in the privacy of his own living room. That and his tuna sandwiches. The new man—Ron Hoffmeyer—is not in any way spectacular. A joint visit to the men's room was enough to establish this fact.

It was only by the merest chance that I spotted him reading my favorite magazine. Some of Fred's best pornographic yarns had graced its pages. Rather than beat around the bush, I came right out and said, "There's a really hot story on page three—and the skin shots are pretty good this month." That's all it took.

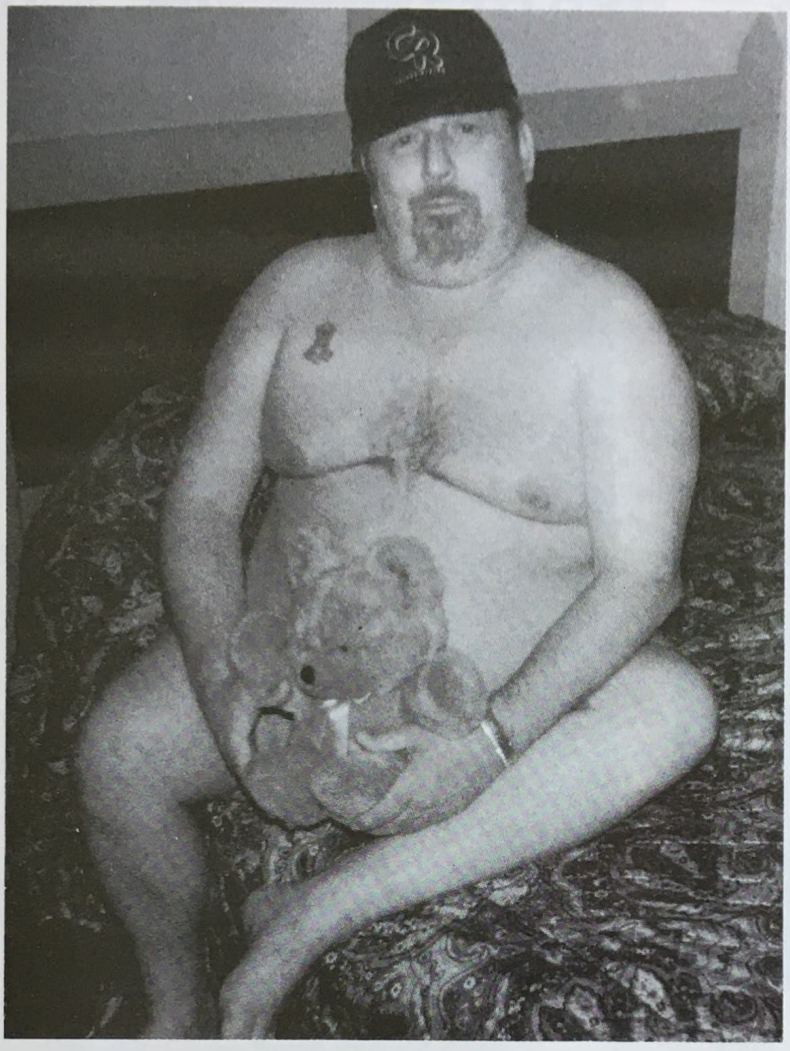
I'm taking him to Kevin and Larry's next Saturday night. I know I'll be envied by a lot of those stuck-up queens. Let me stress the fact that this one is no Zack. Just as well, really. But I must leave you with the information that once I got Ron's shoes off, I found that his feet were every bit as fascinating as his hands.

PUG SNIDER, 83, is a CR Hall of Famer who lives on the southern California coast. Originally from the near-north side of Chicago, he longs to hear from readers who lived there during the 50s and 60s.



NORTHERN BLUE JAY FRED

FRODO Bob



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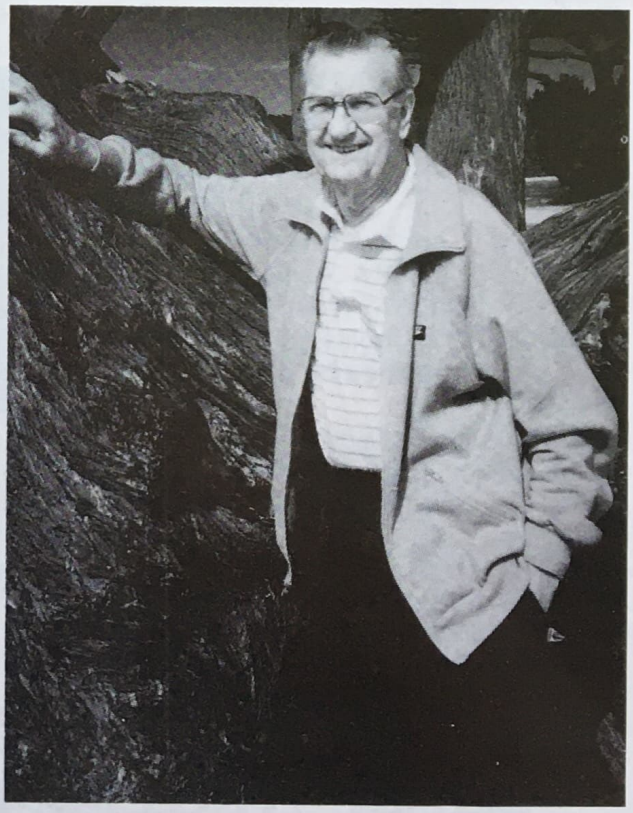

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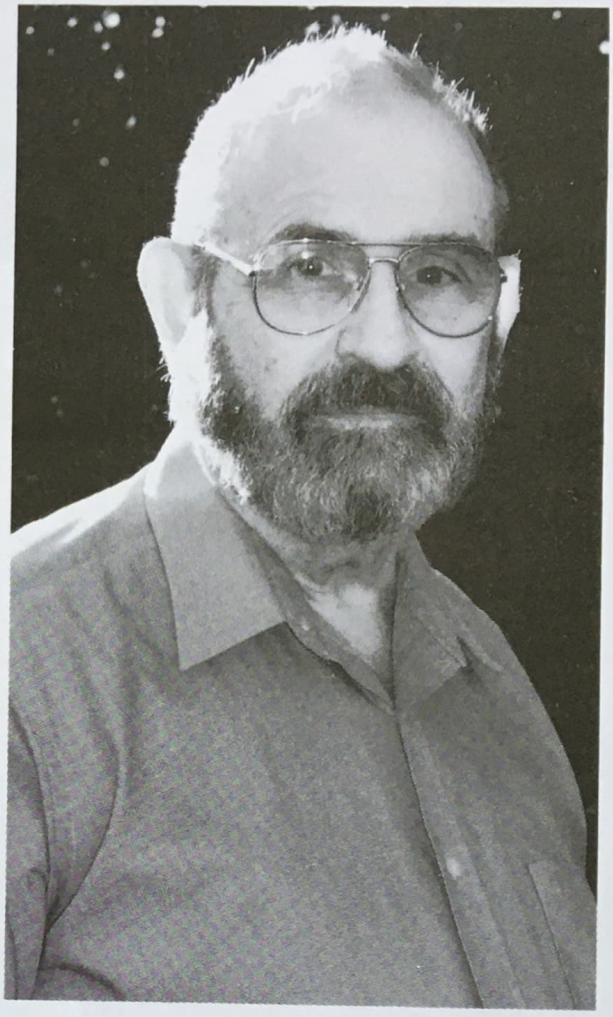
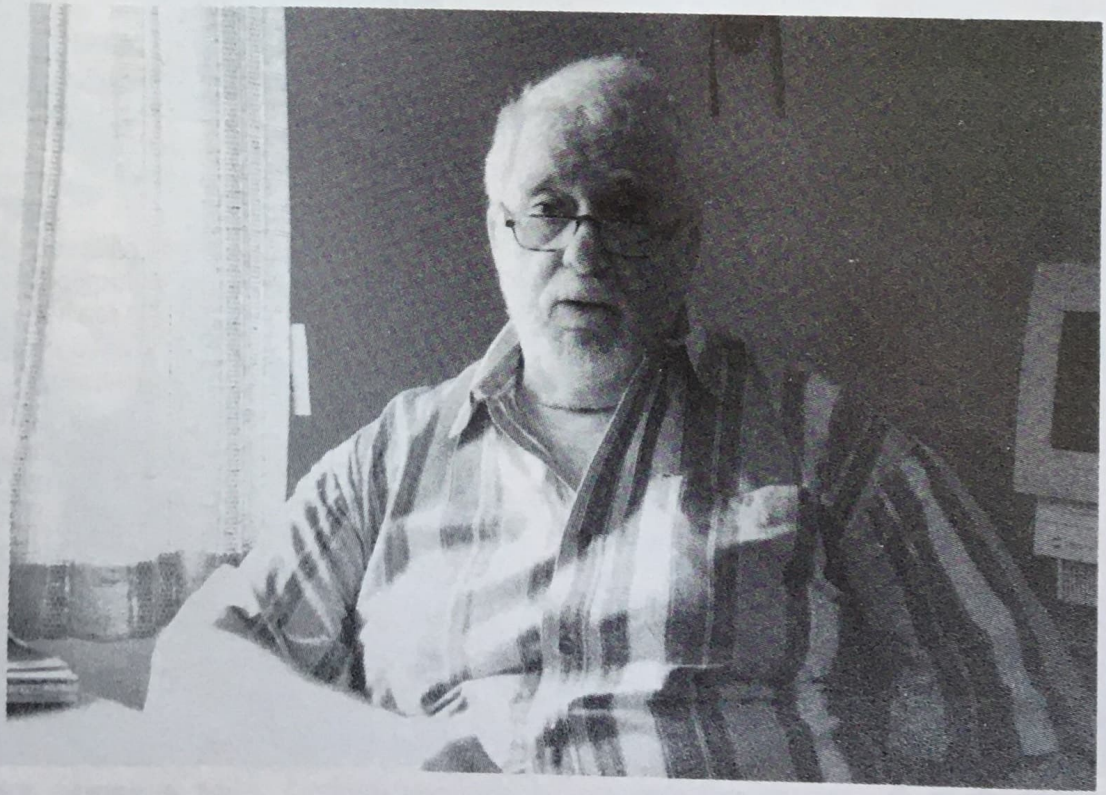




GIRAFFE Stan

because life is too short ...
CRUISE AUSTRALIA AND THE JAVA SEA

SEE THE WONDERS DOWN UNDER, PLUS BALI AND SINGAPORE
PERSONALLY ESCORTED BY CHIRON RISING'S P.H. COLLEY AND BRUCE VAUGHAN

Jet to Sydney, Australia with 3-night accommodations at a first class hotel and a city tour. Leisure time has been allowed for individual exploration, optional excursions, and CRPI's Sydney Regional Assembly. Then board the MARCO POLO, cruising past the Great Barrier Reef, to the Aboriginal lands of the Australian Outback, through the mystical beauty of the Java Sea, and on to sparkling Singapore ... for just $120 per day after airfare allowance!

Ports of call include: Brisbane, Townsville, Cairns and Darwin within Australia. Includes Bali and Semarang in Indonesia before arriving in Singapore. During this CR Gathering of a lifetime, we will cruise the South Pacific Ocean, Coral Sea, Torres Strait, Arafura Sea, Timor Sea, and Java Sea. Optional vacation extensions available for 3-night excursion to Ayers Rock and Alice Springs. Also: 3-night stopover in Bangkok en route from Singapore.

Itinerary, 1997:

Feb. 16: Depart North or South America (cross international date line). (Date of departures from Asia, Europe and Middle East will vary.)

Feb. 18: Arrive Sydney, transfer to hotel

Feb. 19: CRPI Regional Assembly

Feb. 20: Transfer to Marco Polo

Feb. 21: Embark Sydney at 7:00 pm

Feb. 22: Cruise South Pacific Ocean

Feb. 23: Arrive Brisbane 7:00 am. CRPI private tour including lunch. Depart 7:00 pm

Feb. 24: Cruise Coral Sea

Feb. 25: Arrive Townsville 1:00 pm. CRPI private tour. Depart 7:00 pm

Feb. 26: Arrive Cairns 7:00 am. CRPI private tour withlunch. Depart 7:00pm

Feb. 27: Cruising, Great Barrier Reef

Feb. 28: Cruise Torres Strait

Mar. 1: Cruise Arafura Sea

Mar. 2: Arrive Darwin 8:00 am. CRPI private tour with lunch. Depart 8:00 pm

Mar. 3: Cruise Timor Sea

Mar. 4: Cruise Java Sea

Mar. 5: Arrive Bali 9:00 am.

Mar. 6: In Bali, depart at 11:00 pm

Mar. 7: Cruise Java Sea

Mar. 8: Arrive Semarang (Java) 6:00 am, depart 6:00 pm (includes non-private excursion to Borobudur)

Mar. 9: Cruise Java Sea

Mar. 10: Arrive Singapore, disembark, transfer to hotel

Mar. 11: Singapore, CRPI Regional Assembly

Mar. 12: Fly Singapore-Home (or to extended tour destinations).

Included in the following discounted rates, payable to Orient Lines (not CRPI), are free round-trip airfare from U.S. West Coast (call for other embarkation point pricing), pre-cruise Sydney hotel package, and post-cruise Singapore package. All private tours in Brisbane, Townsville, Cairns and Darwin will be compliments of CRPI for the entire CRPI group on board.

(from Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle)

Inside Cabins - Category J - $4250 (group discount savings: $845)

Inside Superior - Category H - $4550 (save $1100)

Outside Cabins - Category F - $4795 (save $1200)

Outside Superior - Category D - $5095 (save $1500)

(Note: Free cabin upgrade if full payment is received prior to September 1, 1996.)

Port Charges - $275 per person

Air Tax - $46 per person

Optional cancellation insurance - $259 per person

Deposit: $500 per person due within 7 days of booking. An additional $500 deposit is due within 120 days of booking. Final payment due 60 days prior to departure. Deposits are fully refundable until time of final payment.

For Free Color Brochure and Information contact CRPI's corporate travel agent::

Travel Lab
1943 Hillhurst Avenue
Los Angeles, CA 90027
Telephone: (800) 747-7026
FAX: (213) 660-9814 - Foreign: (213) 660-9811
Email: travellab@aol.com

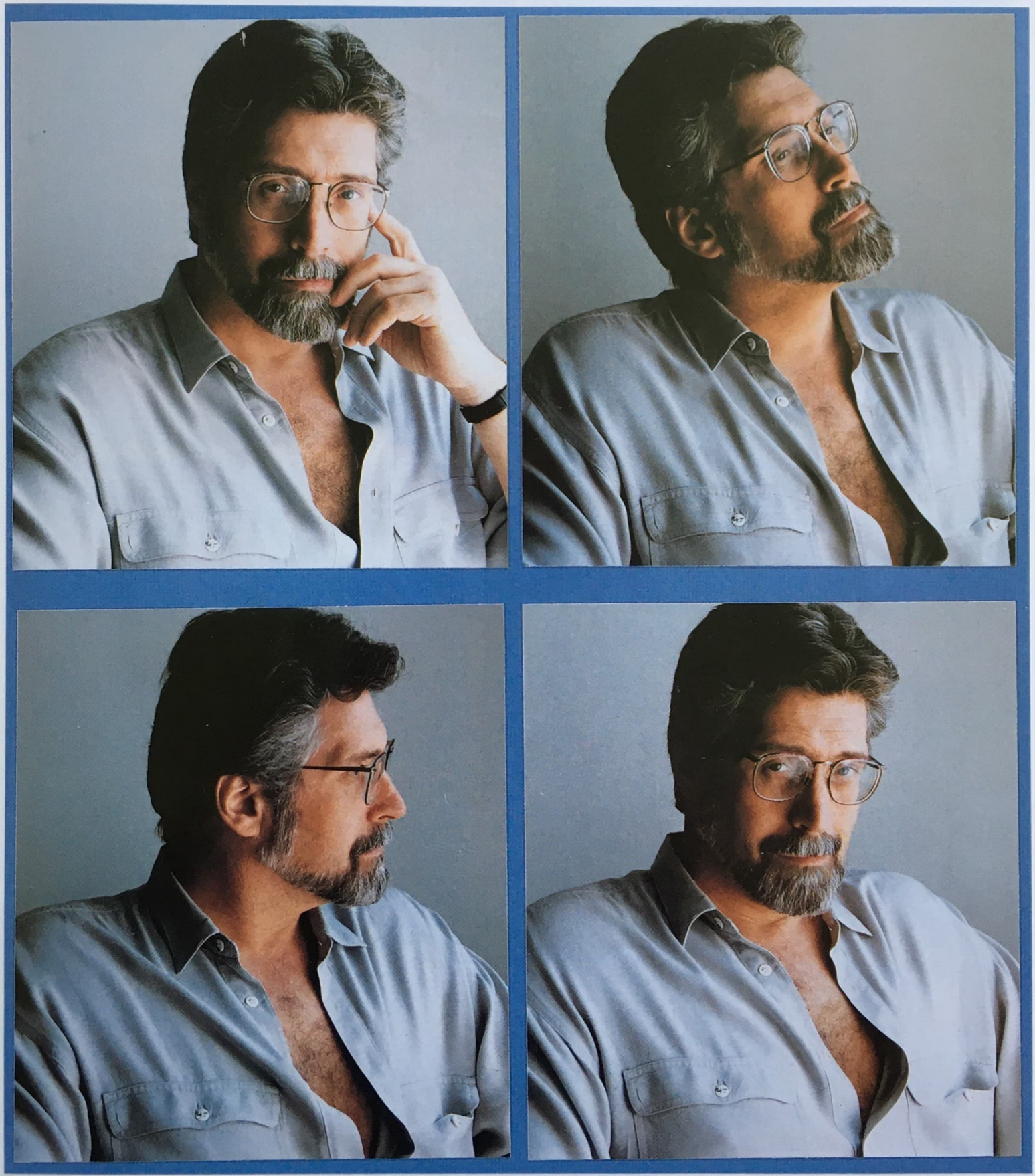
Note: This package is offered to all friends of CR, along with their families and friends. It is by no means an "all-gay" cruise, but it will be a "favorably mixed" one.

日本のお客様へ： カイロン・ライジング主催のオーストラア／シンガポール間の船の旅、オーストラリアまたシンガポールでの催しはカイロン・ライジングの購読者で有れば誰でも参加出来ます。旅には日本語が理解出来る者が同行して歓迎致します。

ACT NOW! ANTICIPATED SELLOUT: 10/1/96

NORTH CAROLINA TINY

the many faces of manny



all photos by manny

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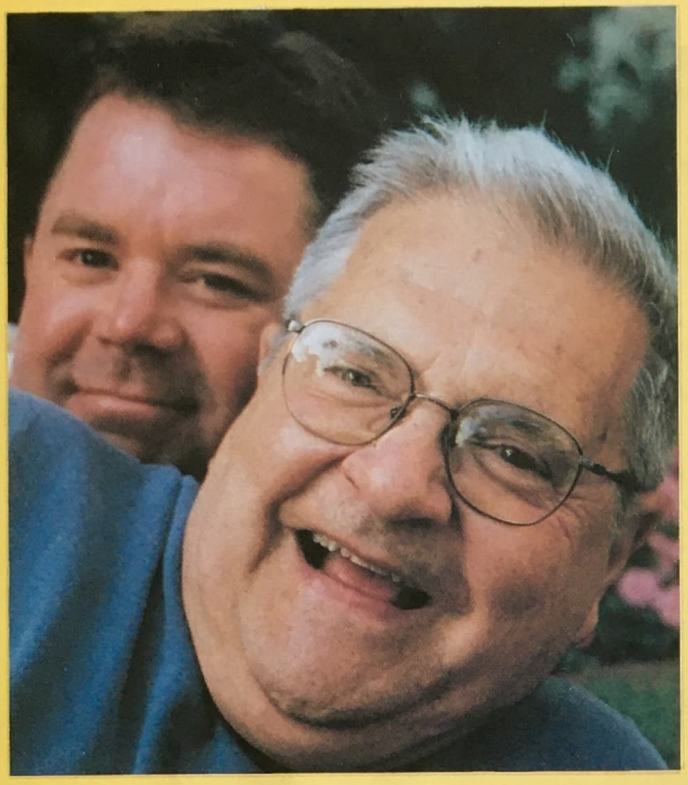
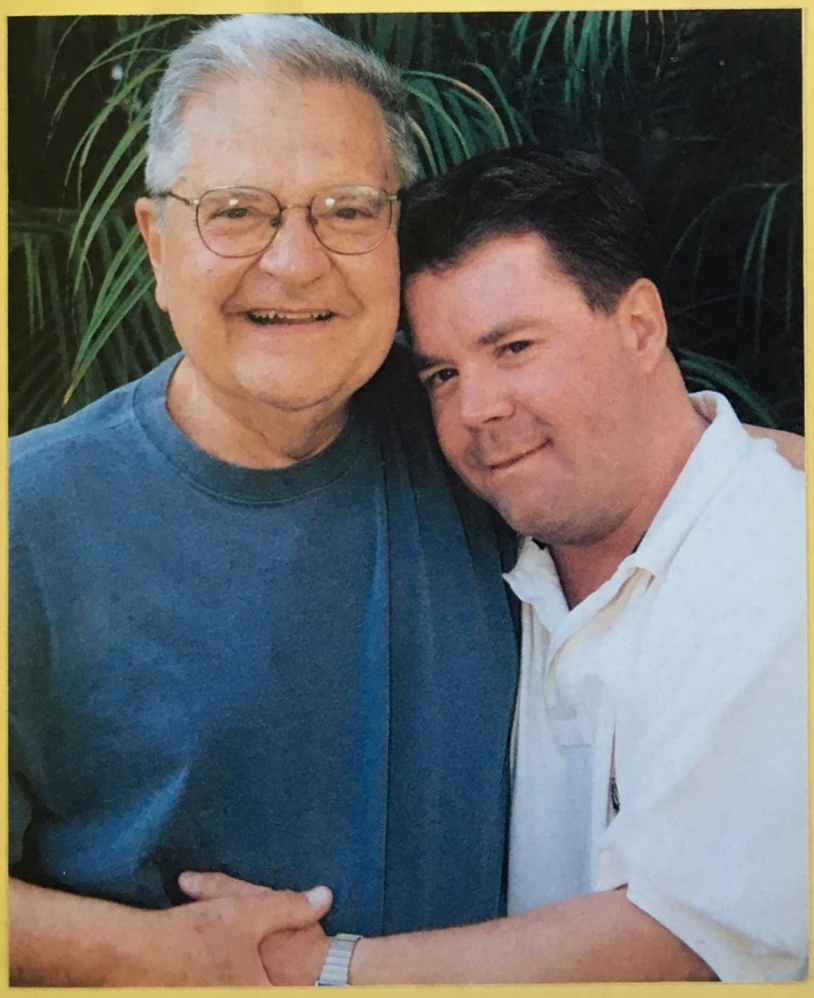
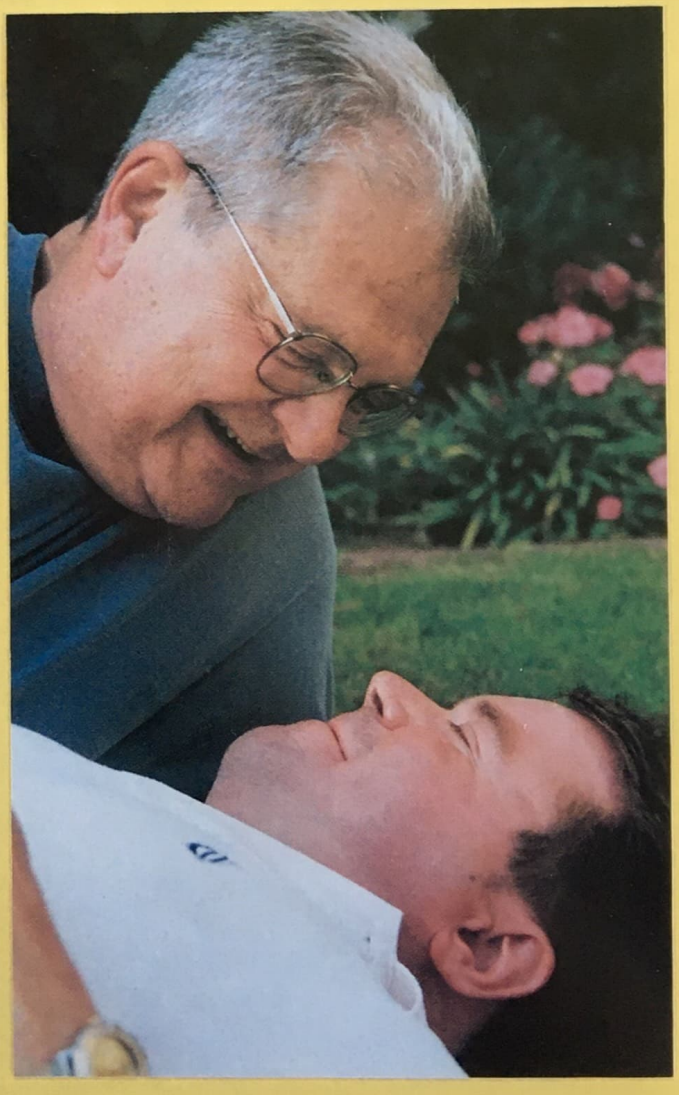
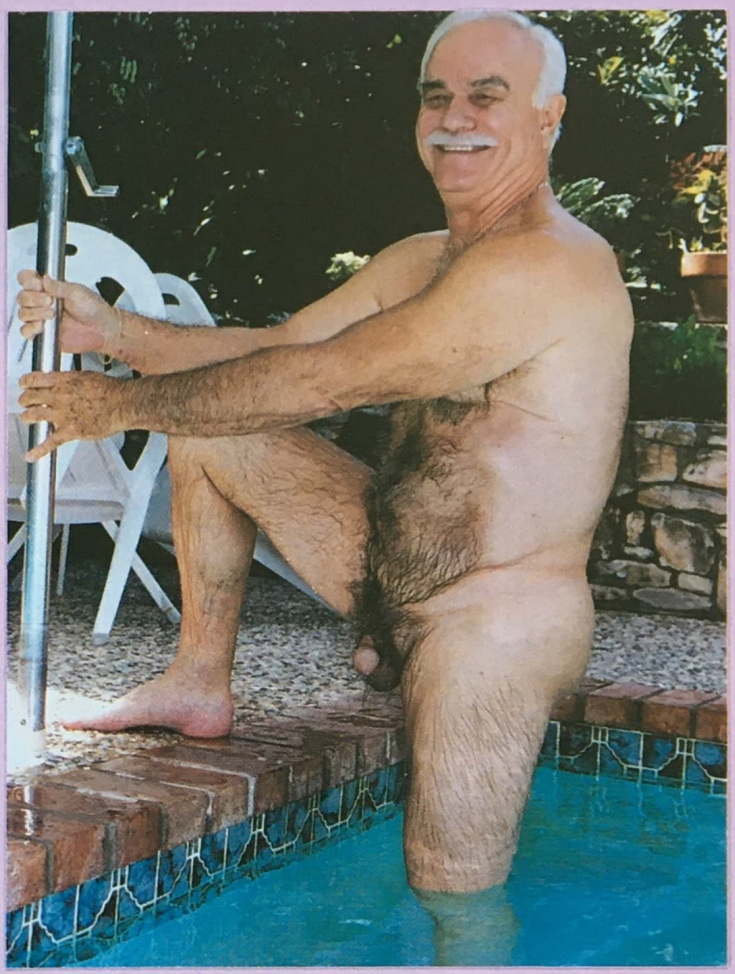
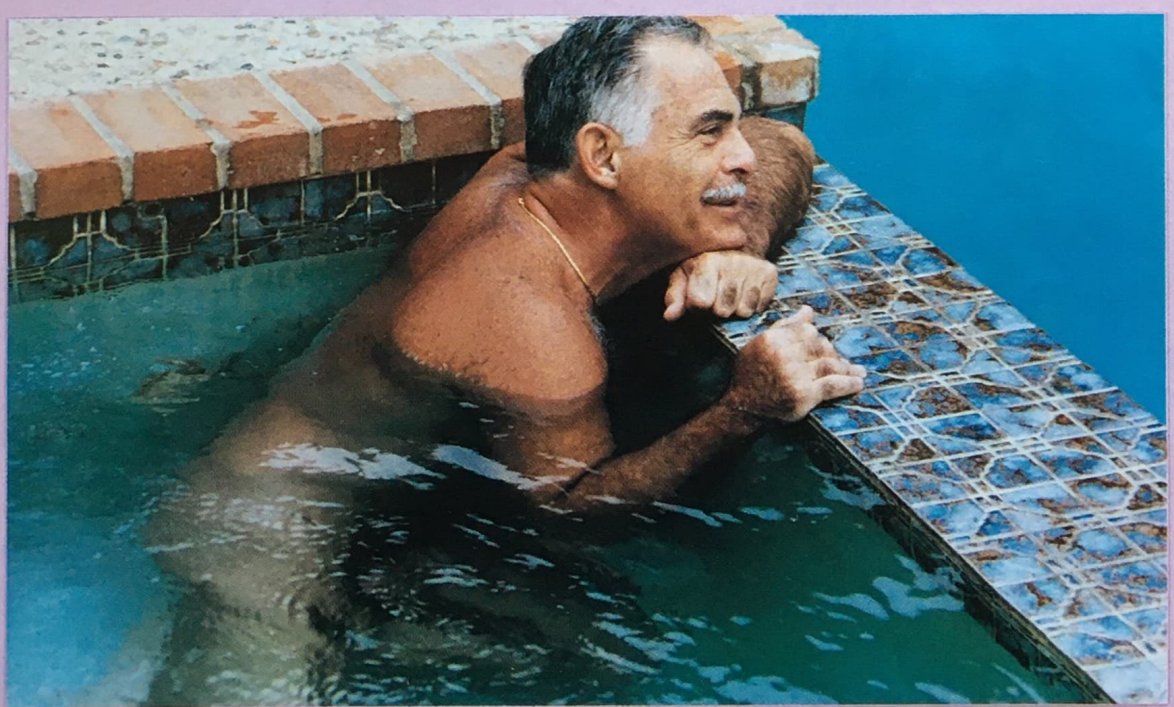






photos by Joel





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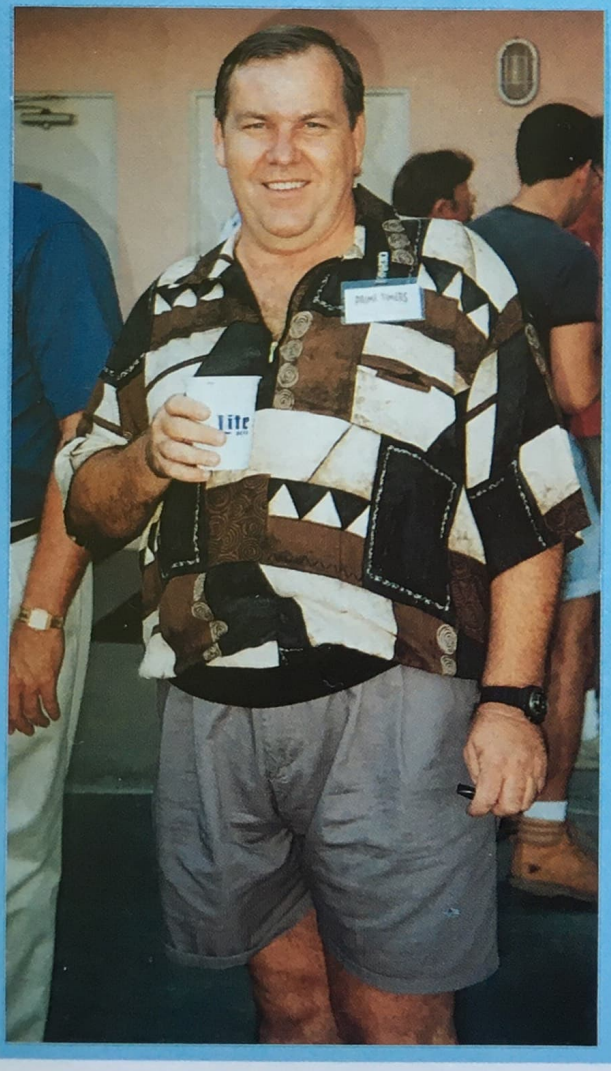


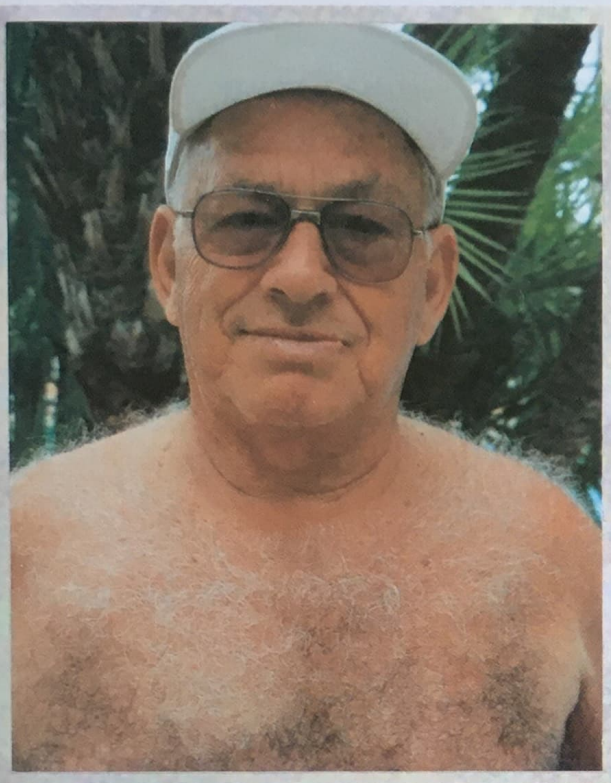
HI-TECH REDNECK

Z-SWISS

VICTOR THE BLUEBIRD

ALL PHOTOS BY MICHAEL DEVEAU

SNOW TOP



CATHEDRAL CITY BILL

MR. B. OF PALM SPRINGS

CARL LAWRENCE
MACRO

VID BIZ WITH EXOCET

BYE-BYE BIRDIE
(or, SWAN TAKES A TUMBLE)

When I first heard the news, I thought it was just another rumor from the leviathan mill that churns out rumors about the big cheeses at CR, Prime Timers and G & M (Did you hear that CR was bought out by the Colorado Rockies because the baseball team had a surplus of caps?). I asked Swan's owner (who is also my editor), but he was in one of his "cranky" frames of mind. I guess he got a tad bit upset over the most recent employee disaster. The search for the right guy to run Swan had taken over two years, and Mr. C had already committed virtually all of his attention to developing the CRPI Events (the gatherings, etc), so it wasn't a matter of just initiating another search, you see. Some departing employees give notice and leave only after tidying up the loose ends; others, however, appear to enjoy the drama of a parting shot. Although I wish the whole wretched story could be published, this is the only information I can divulge.

None of what has befallen Swan is so severe that it actually sank the company. On the contrary, the video production business is so lucrative that Swan could have rebounded in less than three months. Colley says that it was a combination of things piled atop the sudden departure of his key man. For instance:

Thing 1 - CRPI had to be reimbursed for losses due to what Mr. Key Man did to and did not do for CRPI. Swan had to be liquidated to come up with the cash.

Thing 2 - Virtually every copy of "Quadraplex," "Mojave," and "The Gallery" sold in gay and adult book and video stores east of the Continental Divide was pirated, which means that Swan got zip from megathousands in sales.

Thing 3 - The Feds are relentlessly tightening the screws on porn video outfits with required model documentation that is almost impossible to abide by. Feds can—and do quite regularly—raid ANY adult video production company (except Mafia-owned, of course) under the guise of "suspecting" them of distributing child pornography. In which case they cart away all the company's equipment, thereby putting them out of business without a trace of evidence, let alone criminal charges.

Thing 4 - A lot of models, emboldened by rumors of Rob Dadeo's and Herman The German's unprecedented sweet deals, were beginning to make similar demands. One very popular CR model even produced an "agent." The industry average top pay for a video model is about $500. Swan paid much more.

Thing 5 - The videos-only customers were a mean bunch. One customer from Las Vegas, incensed over Swan's refusal to reship (for free) a video after he had "inadvertently" refused the original shipment, made death threats for over a week, both by telephone and letter. Threats in general have been so widespread that some employees at the Swan/CR compound in the high desert now pack heat.

So just how valuable are Swan's assets? Colley didn't feel inclined to go for the throat of the purveyors of his pirated videos, but other, more "seasoned" porn makers play with a harder ball. "Quadraplex," advertised only in CR, has been a cult classic for years. "Mojave" appears to be evolving into the same sort of phenomenon. One has to wonder how these videos would sell in the adult video mainstream. "The Gallery," tepidly received in the U.S. is a hit in Europe, Australia and Japan. And now we have the just-completed "Swan Songs," which has been taken off the market after the sale of only 45 copies to well-established Swan customers. (Mr. C. says that he's pretty much figured out the route videos take to get into the hands of the pirates, and he's mined the road.)

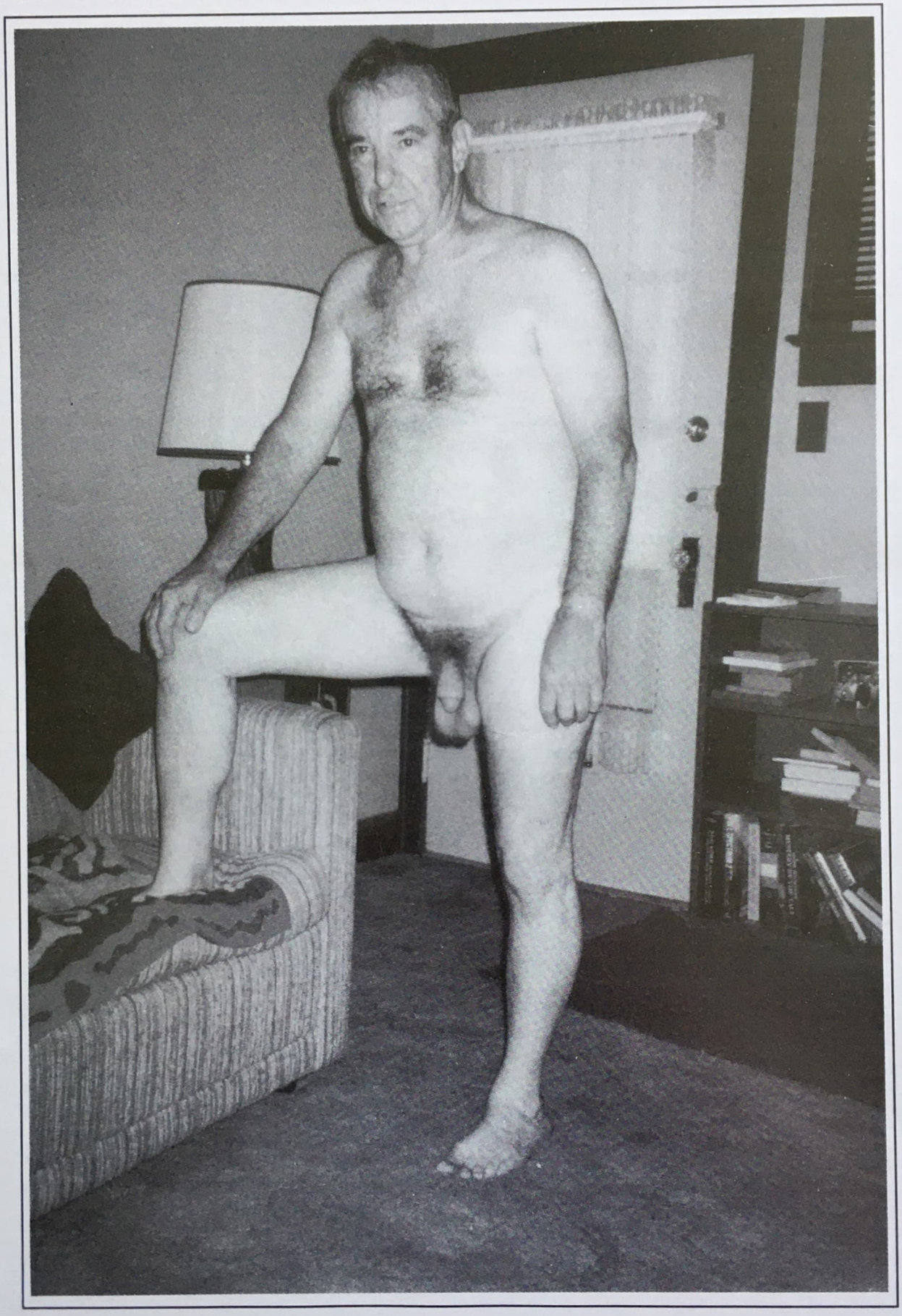
Swan HAS to have a substantial amount of raw, released footage, as well as quite a bit of prized footage only a signature away from being released (provided the models get real with their demands). Anyone want to start their own video business? Any established videographers out there who want to juice up their sales with four of the best mature men's videos ever made?

I'll definitely miss the uniqueness of Swan videos, but surely someone will come in to fill the void. People in this business are not stupid, and they're certainly not as naive and gullible as His Crankiness. No disrespect intended here, Mr. Colley, but you just weren't cut out for the dark side of the porn biz.

But you put out one hell of a magazine and put on one hell of a convention!

EXOCET is a retired naval officer living in Newport Beach. He wishes no letters requiring a response.

HUTHATCH



HOW?

ALL YOUR PRESSING QUESTIONS ABOUT CR ARE ANSWERED RIGHT HERE

HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT?

New subscriptions will be processed and first copies mailed within two (2) to four (4) weeks.

Back issues and other merchandise will be shipped within two (2) to five (5) weeks.

Non-urgent correspondence and photo submittals will be answered within two (2) two to five (5) weeks. Always allow at least a week to ten (10) days for transit time by mail or UPS.

If you want us to acknowledge receipt of something, you MUST include a self-addressed, stamped card. Tip: Our worst backlogs occur during the two weeks prior to the release of an issue.

HOW TO DECIPHER THE CODE ON YOUR ADDRESS LABEL

Suppose the code on your address label says: 12/96 S V (4.25). The date (12/96) indicates when your last issue will arrive. The "S" signifies that you will automatically receive all interim CR CLASSICS issues until your subscription expires. The "V" (VIP) reveals that you are a long-time supporter and someone we especially value. Being a VIP has its advantages. The "4.25" means that you have a $4.25 credit due. Credit will be applied to your subscription if you do not use it against a purchase by the last issue of your subscription. Disregard any other notations.

WHAT PRODUCTS AND SERVICES DO WE SELL?

MAGAZINES:

Chiron Rising (pronounced KY-RON)- a mildly erotic relationship and contact-oriented publication featuring fiction, essays, reviews, poetry, photography, artwork and personal ads.

CR Classics - a soft core erotic, entertainment-oriented publication featuring fiction, photography and artwork.

VIDEOS:

"Orlando '95", a non-adult entertainment production featuring the best of the CR Follies Gala during the past CR Gathering in Orlando. Many of those attending remarked that the show was as good as or better than a $50 Las Vegas show.

BOOKS:

Quincunx ... a collection of short fiction by P.H. Colley.

Three Short Novels ... a collection of short novels by P.H. Colley

APPAREL:

Caps and T-shirts

EVENTS:

We organize a Gathering of mature men and admirers every spring and Regional Assemblies during the year.

HOW DID WE GET THAT FUNNY NAME?

CHIRON RISING is named after a comet called "Chiron," which has an orbit near that of Pluto. Astrologers don't agree on the significance of the placement of this celestial body in a natal chart, but the astrological community has seen fit to track and chart its movement. Bruce and I both have Chiron smack on our rising signs in our natal charts. In other words, we both have **Chiron ... rising**. Get it?

HOW OFTEN DO WE PUBLISH AND DISTRIBUTE?

CR - During the first ten days of each even month. Subscribers can expect their issues to arrive sometime between the fifth and the fifteenth of the month, provided that we haven't been sidetracked by a Gathering within that time frame. Book stores should have CR on their shelves by the third or fourth week of the month. *CR CLASSICS* - During the first ten days of May and November. Mailing and shipping intervals are the same as above.

HOW TO BECOME A CR MODEL

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, send us a sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color or black & white photo of yourself. Can't find a good photo? Then get a good photographer to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional photographer. Please don't send Polaroids, sex shots with obvious penetration, photos with half your head or penis missing, or portraits of yourself standing too far away. Avoid high-noon bright sunlight (it shadows your eyes) and straight-on flashes (they project dark shadows on the wall behind you). If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form. You can then tell us what code name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, send us a stamped return envelope (Foreign: IRC or $1 cash) AFTER it is published. Photos must be cropped in most cases to fit in the allotted space, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE SIMILAR TO OR ACTUALLY THOSE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN ANOTHER MAGAZINE. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH HAVE ALREADY BEEN PUBLISHED ELSEWHERE.

HOW TO WRITE TO CR MODELS, WRITERS, ETC.

Follow the instructions for answering a coded ad in the CR CLASSIFIEDS. Write, seal and stamp your fan letter, then write in pencil (NOT INK, BUT PENCIL) the name of the model/writer/etc. in the center of the envelope. Place that envelope inside a slightly larger envelope and send it to us for forwarding. Remember, some contributors get hundreds of letters, so be patient. If you want unsolicited photos returned, don't send them without a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE).

HOW TOLERANT WE ARE OF BULLSHIT

"Hot", "bounced," "bad," or otherwise unpaid checks have become an enormous headache for us. If you overdraw by accident and contact us immediately, we will only charge you the $4 service fee our bank charges us. If, however, we have to take the time to contact you and resolve the matter, you may be billed a service charge of $25.00.

Not all customers are always right. Abusive, harassing or threatening communication will not be tolerated. We reserve the right to refuse the sale of products and services to anyone.

カイロンライジング年間購読方法

中、高年に人気のあるカイロンライジングを確実に貴方のお手元にお届け致し ます。
年間購読希望の方は下記までお申し込み下さい。

〒
フリガナ
住所 _____
フリガナ
氏名 _____
電
摘要：_____

住所、電話番号は秘密厳守いたします。
1年間購読料 ¥9,000 です。(年間6回)
現金書留、銀行振り込みで下記までお申し込み下さい。

銀行振り込み
振込銀行ー富士銀行小岩支店ー C.R (カイロンライジング)
振り込み番号ー376ー1437935

現金書留
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パスポートジャパンー C.R カイロンライジング係

尚、郵便物は封書にて送られます。
また、多数の商品(写真集、ガイドブック等)を取り扱っています。
カタログご希望の方は、80円切手同封の上ご請求ください。

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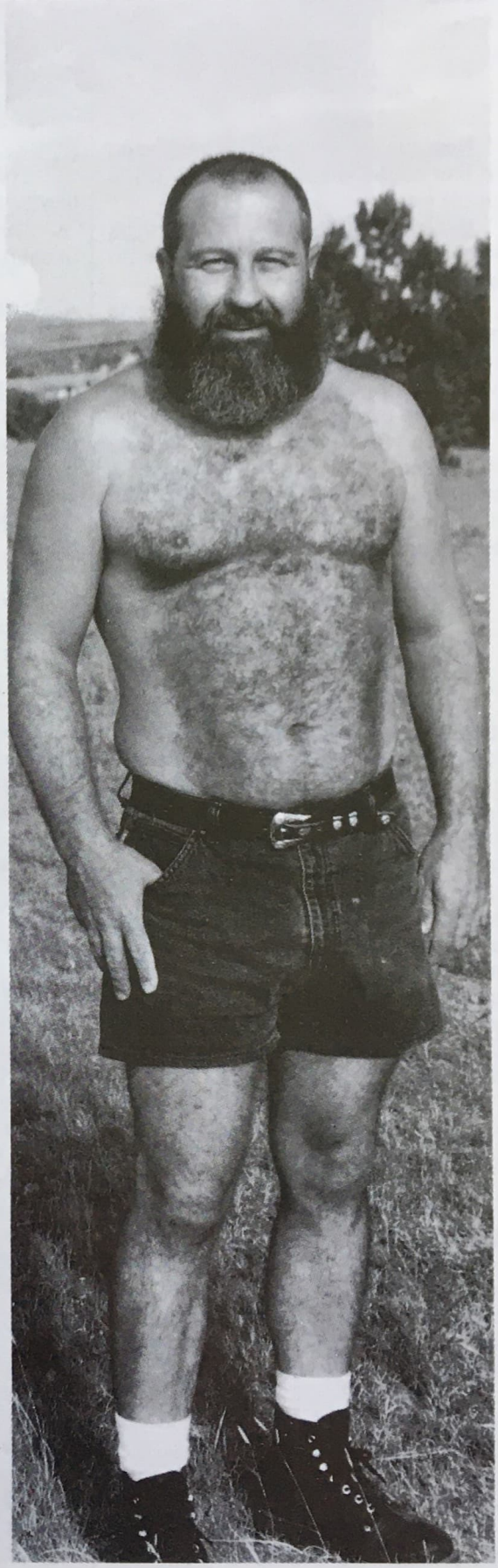
RON OF NEW MEXICO



EATON

For the Mature Male and his Admirers

ANNOUNCING

THE NATIONAL ROSTER

Find and contact the most compatible friends nearest to you in the least costly and most efficient way.

Members are listed in and receive bi-monthly updates of our roster, with 4-line descriptions of all other members including:

- Geographical location including city & state or country.
- Height, age, build and personality type.
- Sexual & social orientation, visibility & HIV status.
- Personal interests & type of contact sought. (Me...You...)
- Residential & relationship/marital status, & ability to host or travel.

After identifying those descriptions of most interest, they send for a full page profile, filled out by each member. This has more specific additional information, for insight into his character and tastes, and the means of contact.

Annual membership is $36 including 5 bi-monthly updates of new members; profiles are $1 for the first, and 50¢ for each additional. Members with a positive HIV status pay a flat fee of $15, while applications enclosing copy of a check for a *Chiron Rising* subscription can deduct $10 from our fee.

For membership forms and further information, send SASE to:

THE NATIONAL ROSTER
P. O. Box #20975/PACC
New York, NY 10129-0009

Note: We are very selective as to publications where we advertise; and our strictly confidential member lists are never sold or distributed.

The Artwork of James L. Hawkins

Life Drawings of the nude male model made during the past thirty plus years.

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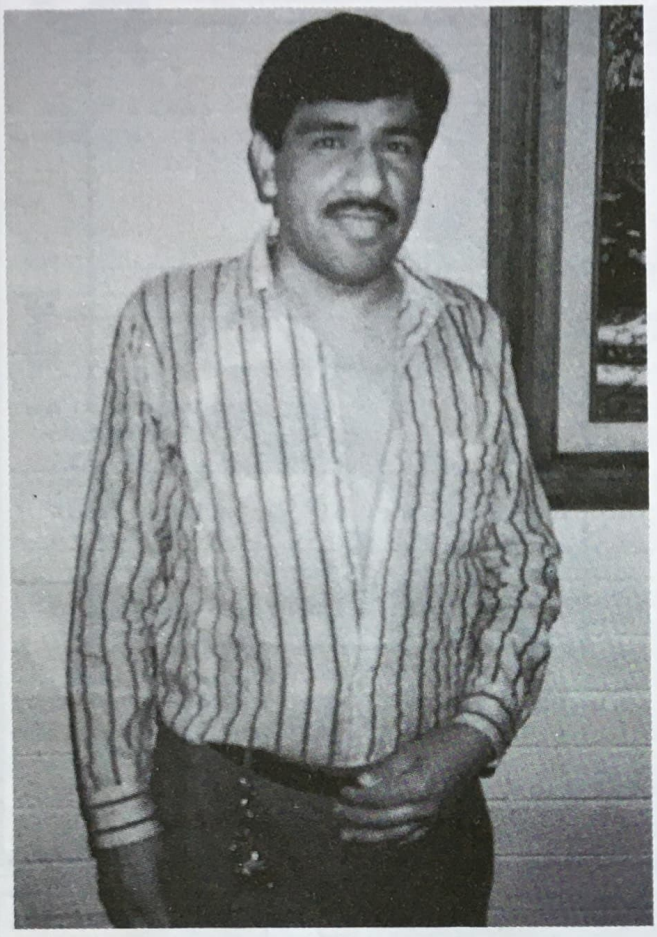
Portland, Oregon 97286
(503) 598-3442 Fax (503) 620-3618
awwilcox@aol.com

VICTOR MANUEL charly



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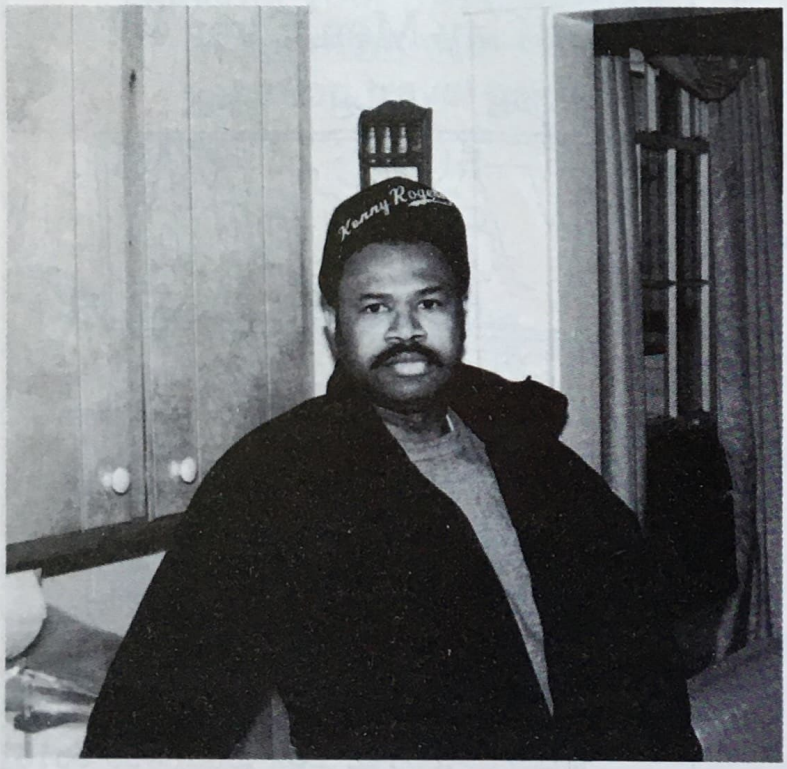
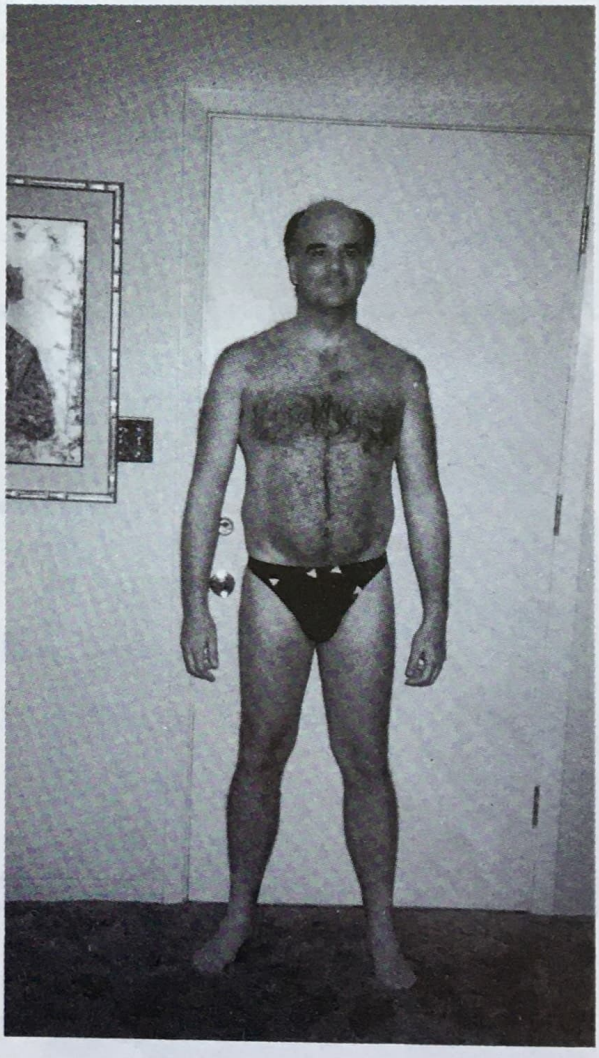




KENNY RODGERS **TOY COLLECTOR** mean gene

THE CLASSIFIEDS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in older issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands. Unforwardable letters will be marked with a "U" and returned to sender.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad and no address:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the codeword in the center of the envelope.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

NOTICE - WE WILL NOT:

1. WAIT IN LINE AT THE POST OFFICE FOR LETTERS WITH POSTAGE DUE. SUCH LETTERS WILL NOT BE CLAIMED.

2. FORWARD LARGE QUANTITIES OF MAIL FOR THOSE READERS WHO WRITE ALL NEW MODELS AND ADVERTISERS (AND WHO COULD BE PHOTO COLLECTORS OR MAILING LIST COMPILERS). WE WILL FORWARD FIVE PIECES OF MAIL PER WRITER AT NO CHARGE. FOR EVERY LETTER OVER FIVE, YOU MUST ENCLOSE $1 EACH (6 LETTERS = $1; 10 LETTERS = $5; 12 LETTERS = $7, ETC.). THIS IS *PER WRITER*, NOT *PER ENVELOPE.*

3. FORWARD LETTERS WITHOUT PROPER POSTAGE. NOTE THE RECENT POSTAGE INCREASE BY USPS.

ALABAMA

(8/96) NATIONWIDE/MONTGOMERY: BM, 36, 245#, seeks older white male, 50+, heavy/medium, friendship, visits. Write: Allen, P.O. Box 241841, Montgomery, AL 36124. Weekends: (334) 277-9270.

ARIZONA

(8/96) ARIZONA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 6 ft., 250#, HIV negative, live in Tucson area. Looking for someone 30-50 to build a monogamous relationship with. Drink/drug free, nonsmoker. Enjoy all forms of sex as long as safe. Your photo gets mine. Write: **BAREKAT**

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(8/96) SAN FRANCISCO AREA: Burly w/m, exec/dad type, looking for trim guy over 25 who enjoys the company of a heavier, probably older guy (late 40s). Nonsmoker, no drugs, HIV negative, moderately hairy, trim beard/moustache. Enjoy long, slow, sensual sessions, oral and tit play, and other goodies. RS, P.O. Box 2646, Sunnyvale, CA 94087.

(8/96) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Attractive Thai male, 48, 5'-8", 170#, clean-shaven, healthy, HIV negative, professional. Enjoy traveling, cooking, antiques, stock market. Seeking clean-shaven, nonsmoker WM, 45-65. Send photo (will return) and telephone number. Will get prompt reply. Write: S.V., P.O. Box 70174, Sunnyvale, CA 94086.

(8/96) MONTEREY PENINSULA MAN: seeks younger, slim, nonsmoking partner. I am 72, 5'-8", 150#. Interests: classical music, Scrabble, gourmet cooking. Am watercolor artist, retired educator. Write with photo: Len Lasnik, 13427 Agua Caliente, Castroville, CA 95012.

(8/96) SAN FRANCISCO: Married Bi WM, 48, 5'-9", 180#, beard, hairy, wife unaware, seeks mature men any age over 50. Bi, married, a plus. Any size or weight. Enjoy masturbation, being watched, receiving/giving French, giving Greek. Meet at your place, safe T-room, theater, or ? for lunchtime/daytime meetings. Couples welcome. Write: B.B., P.O. Box 424065, San Francisco, CA 94142.

(8/96) CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: BiWM, 42, 6'-1", 235#, hairy, clean-shaven, cut, nonsmoker, healthy, active, HIV negative, professional pilot, discreet. Seeking friendship, experience and adventurous encounters. Enjoy photography, nudism, hot tubbing, videos, massages, etc. Can travel anywhere to meet you! Send letter/photo to: David, P.O. Box 255665, Sacramento, CA 95865.

(10/96) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: Loving WM, 60, 5'-10", 185#, 9" thick cut. I am in relationship. Looking for dominant men over 55 to spank and love me. Roger: (415) 441-5191, or write: **ROGER II**

(10/96) NATIONAL/INTERNATIONAL: Anyone care to chat AOL? ARICH69@AOL.COM

(10/96) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 50, 5'-6", 210#, brown hair, blue eyes, clean-shaven, nonsmoker. Looking for someone to share home in Sierra Foothills. Must like dogs and be willing to help keep house clean, financially stable to pay half of household expenses. A retired person okay but not necessary. Your photo (will return) and phone number will get prompt reply. Write: **COUNTRY SQUIRE**

(6/97) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: Healthy, active, professional GWM, 68, 5'-10", 185#, romantic and horny, looking for passion and affection with another average-built, mature male. Write: Bill Jones, 324 Larkin St., San Francisco, CA 94102, or call (415) 431-0644.

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

(8/96) CENTRAL CAL/NATIONWIDE: Youthful 40, trim, swimmer's build, versatile, mature, well-educated, professional, very down to earth, giving and affectionate, who greatly values a sincere, loving friendship with older 60+, cultured, clean-shaven, distinguished appearing gentleman with a sound background—white hair, portly a plus. Photo appreciated. Write: **CARING**

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(2/97) LOS ANGELES/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 63, 5'-11", 250#+, NS, ND, HIV negative, passionate (oral A/P), nurturing, good sense of humor, retired, financially secure. Seeking masculine guy under 40 for friendship and fun. LTR possible. Any race, body type welcome. Write with photo to: George Green, Box 1312, Canyon Country, CA 91386-1312.

(8/96) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Retired, non-drinking senior needed by very active C-Riser senior for house sitting and occasional caring for dogs. Free room in exchange. Should like rural living and dogs. **DOUBLE L**, phone no. (619) 868-0890

(10/96) PALM SPRINGS/NATIONWIDE: WM, 62, 5'-11", 195#, sincere, Greek passive, horny but not hard-up. Seeks new friends, all ages, for fun, travel, visits. Write or call: Alfred, Box 911, Thousand Palms, CA 92276. Tel: (619) 343-1546.

(8/96) SAN DIEGO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 62, 6'-1", 195#, adventurous traveler, bicyclist. Likes outdoors, keeping in shape. Seeks nonsmoking, masculine senior who is sincere, affectionate and in-shape—someone who likes the above and who prefers quiet, quality times together. Your photo gets mine. **CYCLIST**

(2/97) BURBANK/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Happy and horny, very masculine and versatile GWM seeks assertive man. Size, age, bellies, potency not important. You are masculine, HIV negative and you hug passionately. I'm 64, 5'-10", 215#, hairy, very talented and enthusiastic. Write: Paul, Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(10/96) CALIFORNIA/NORTHWEST: RASCALLY FUN, TENDER-HEARTED BEAR: Fur bearing, gravitationally endowed, romantic and cheerful-natured bear, pleasant looking, 52, 5'-9", 270#, seeks absolutely monogamous lifetime BEARMATE. Shy or outgoing, 45-55 good. Looks not as important as a twinkle in the eye. Commitment, laughter and positive mental attitude essential. Write: **BEARMATE**

(10/96) YUCAIPA/REDLANDS: GWM, young senior, seeks correspondence with men any age. Interests edge architecture, landscaping, blue collar. Write: **FANTASIES**

(8/96) NATIONWIDE: Bear, 38, 6'-2", 280#, blue eyes, beard, hairy chest and ass, hung thick with P.A., versatile. I'm kind, honest and intelligent. Flannel to leather, love to try new things. Enjoy skiing, travel, eating out and quiet nights. Looking for masculine older men. Friendship or possible relationship. Photo (will return) and letter to: N.C., P.O. Box 5211, San Clemente, CA 92674.

(10/96) PALM SPRINGS/NATIONWIDE: Impressive British senior, 5'-8", 165#, green/silver, well-educated and traveled, cosmopolitan, nonsmoker/drugs, assertive, great sense of humor, many hobbies, spiritual, HIV negative. Seek friend, 30 to 50, professionally and personally secure for dating, hopefully leading toward relationship. Aware of 12-step program a plus. Willing to relocate for love. Would you? Picture/phone. Kenneth Morris, 73625 Catalina Way #19, Palm Desert, CA 92260.

(2/97) CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Feisty, fuzzy, 55 GWM, sincerely searching for the guy with a positive attitude towards friendship, bonding, and a healthy home life. I'm 5'-10", 190#, above average looks, HIV negative, and secure in who I am. Seeking someone 35-49 and "together" enough to be ready for reality and willing to relocate. Please respond with photo to: DS in PS, P.O. Box 5236, Palm Springs, CA 92263.

(12/96) ORANGE COUNTY/NATIONWIDE: Subservient gay male any age over 50+ to live in, service a loving and caring gay male couple, ages 66 and 37. Must enjoy all aspects of anal (top and bottom) and oral sex. Must understand, approve and get off on servitude. Hearing impaired or knowledge of signing or willingness to learn is a plus, as is gray hair and a beard and mustache. In return for such servitude you will receive love and respect as belonging to, membership, benefits and participation in, the family. HIV negative a MUST, as is total dedication to the family and have NO other relationships. This is a closed family situation. Write: **TUFLUV DAD/SONLUV DAD**

(12/96) SAN DIEGO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 55, 5'-8", 160#, auburn with white in front. Seeks 35-65. Interests are: arts, architecture, history, horticulture, politics, music, sports, traveling, yachting, good movies, and my two children. Good looking, well-endowed and romantic. I've taken care of lovers; now I want to be taken care of. Write: **TEXAS**

(10/96) TUSTIN/NATIONWIDE: SWM, 53, 6 ft., 188#, in-shape, fair, nonsmoker, values life, passionate and possessive in bed. Seeking to bond with a shy, slim, monogamous man who wants a full emotional love life. Write: **BIG HANDS**

(10/96) LONG BEACH/SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Young 62 seeks good man (Hispanic a plus) to love, to be loved. Age flexible, but prefer 50+. Am 6'-1", 185#, trim, in-shape, healthy, HIV negative. Have short, thin, brown hair with much gray. No smoke or drugs, moderate drinker. Gentle, sensitive, romantic, secure, honest, open, liberal. Photo, please. Will return. Write: **STAN**

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

(2/97) WASHINGTON, D.C./NATIONWIDE: GBM, 42, 6'-1", 205#, moustache, loves cuddly safe play and feet/footwear. Seeks 30-70 for friendships/intimate times. Enjoy books, movies, theater, travel. Race/physique unimportant. Write: E.S., P.O. Box 25012, Washington, DC 20007-8012.

CONNECTICUT

(10/96) GRIZZLY WANTED: Are you big, burly and furry? GWM, 52, 6'-2", 173#, Bearded bear lover is looking for you! Write: Jan, P.O. Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813, or call: (203) 794-0868.

FLORIDA

(8/96) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: GBM, 31, 5'-5", 145#, clean, masculine, HIV negative, smooth body, French A/P, top. No smoke, drink or drugs. I'm sincere, affectionate, romantic and a damn good lover! In search of a mature man, 50 and up, any race/build, who is warm, sincere, confident and, along with myself, willing to invest time and energy into building a long-term, closed relationship. No games. Respond with letter/photo (will return) to: **BLACKMAGIC**, or E-mail: BLK8MAGIC@aol.com

(12/96) MARCO: GWM, 62, 6'-4", 200#, masculine, hairy, retired, HIV negative, seeks 60-70 for a long-term relationship. Must like travel, beach, theater, fun in bed. Write: **DOVE**

(12/96) SARASOTA/NATIONAL: I have put this ad in CR before and have met some wonderful people, but not the right one. Perhaps you are he if you are a young GWM and wish for companionship from an older man, 63. You will receive from this relationship honesty, faithfulness, sincerity and unconditional love. I hope to receive the same from you. I would love to do in life what you wish to do, either socialize or remain home; but most important of all, I would love to be with you and support you with your future vocational plans as I know you would if I were in your place. Write soon and send your picture. **ALPHA**

GEORGIA

(8/96) ROSWELL, GEORGIA: WM, 79, 5'-10", 195#, widower, retired teacher, masculine, affectionate, seeks 60s to 85. Prefer under 200 pounds, nonsmoker or nondrinker, no drugs, masculine, educated, cultured, for friendship and sex. Enjoy kissing, cuddling, fondling, nudism, foreplay. Also: classical music, theatre, the arts and home conversation. Write : **ROBI**

(8/96) ATLANTA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 57, 5'-8", silver hair, moustache, shy, distinguished, affectionate, proud of who I am, nonsmoker, drug-free, healthy, a romantic that loves to cuddle, kiss, and much more. Seeks younger man, 25-40, slim, as a friend, lover, lifemate. Must be a man who wants to love and share his life with an older man; to share good times, fun times, quiet times, music (jazz to classical), movies, stage, travel, outdoors, bicycling, gardening, reading, eating in/out, Christmas. Photo gets mine. Write: **MALCOLM**

(8/96) ATLANTA AREA: Hot, top-versatile, naturist GW Gentleman, 60s, 6'-0", 192#, blond-gray, brown-green, 'stache, smooth, gym-active, handsome, burn-injured veteran, cut 6", seeks: 40+, Bi/GW Gentlemen, HIV negative, no Herpes, at least Fr A/P, Greek P or want to be again. For: regular/frequent, single/group encounters of safe fun and camaraderie. Jovial, relaxed, uninhibited, affectionate, honest attitude assures success. No smokers/drunks/drugs/SM/meanness. Your phone and returnable nude photo with SASE gets mine. Condor, P.O. Box 13863, Atlanta, GA 30324-0863.

(10/96) GEORGIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 43, 5'-6", 185#, brown/brown, balding, clean-shaven, some body hair, seeks older GWM hirsute totally front and back. For companionship only. Write: LCS, P.O. Box 144, Lilburn, GA 30226-0144.

HAWAII

(10/96) HAWAII/SOUTHERN U.S.: GWM, 62, 5'-11", 190#, HIV negative, roots in mid-south, retired educator, grey/brown hair, sincere, caring, spiritual, affectionate, social drinker. Enjoy: Humor, easy listening music, flower gardening, country living, travel, cooking, and more. Desire: 40-65 best friend/lover "for the long haul." Write (enclose returnable photo) to: **ALOHA**

ILLINOIS

(12/96) ILLINOIS: Mid-50s,WM, 5'-6", 170#, seeks similar for companionship, conversation and commingling. Interests are mostly agrarian. Would also like to find someone who is free to travel to a few good trout streams. Western Chicago suburbs to north/central Illinois. Write: **PALMER**

INDIANA

(12/96) INDIANA: GWM, middle 40s, 6'-2", 220#, nice looking, athletic appearance. Like athletic events, cars and music. Looking for older white men, 60s to 90s. Prefer average to slender build. White hair and uncut a plus. Your picture gets mine. D.S., 1725 S. Clark, Muncie, IN 47302.

KENTUCKY

(2/97) LOUISVILLE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 31, 5'-9", 144#, brown hair, blue eyes, semi-hairy, 6-1/4" cut, enjoys flowers, trees, hiking, 4WD, fleamarkets. Naturist, naturalist, sun king. Seeks WM, 50+, couples, married, clergy welcome. Please, no extremely heavy, masculine only. Write: M. Lawson, P.O. Box 324, Shepherdsville, KY 40165, or call (502) 543-8598. VERY DISCREET.

MISSISSIPPI

(10/96) BILOXI: GWM, 70, 6'-2", 170#, gray hair, brown eyes, seeks any age for friendship and more. Enjoy bingo, walking, reading, dancing, old movies on TV, and traveling. Especially like clergy and professionals. All replies answered. Am retired professor, church worker, Christian. J.W., P.O. Box 4056, Biloxi, MS 39535.

(8/96) BAY ST. LOUIS: GWM, 69, 5'-9", 162#, blue eyes, brown and gray crewcut, uncut, retired clergyman. Seeks mate or visitors. Must be uncut and like to sleep overnight with partner. Pay very little and move in. Photo and phone. Tom Horner, 212 Ballentine, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520.

MISSOURI

(4/97) ST. LOUIS: 51 year old submissive white male, clean, HIV negative, and expect same, seeking dominant male, any race, 70+ for oral pleasures. Revealing photo and phone appreciate. T.P., P.O. Box 410118, St. Louis, MO 63141.

NEW JERSEY

(10/96) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 67, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends. Will return all calls.

NEW YORK

(8/96) NEW YORK CITY AREA: GWM, young 49, 5'-8", 140#, b/b, in-shape, healthy HIV +, supportive and affectionate, Ph. D., second home in eastern Long Island, two grown and independent children. Enjoy weekend guests, dining in/out, NY cultural stuff, music, working out, skiing. Versatile. You are GM, asymptomatic, matured by HIV, in-shape, with a great smile and sense of humor. Write G.B., P.O. Box 556, Greenport, NY 11944.

(4/97) NATIONWIDE - OVER 65? Masculine GWM, 45, tall, trim, hairy, warm, caring, romantic, loyal, non-promiscuous, nonsmoker, health-conscious, crazy about older men, seeks unattached, affectionate and dignified gentleman over 65 for passionate, monogamous relationship of a lifetime. Let me service you, love you, worship you. Let us enter our own new world. You and me together. Any area. Please send detailed letter and photo. Steve Collingwood, Box 246, 208 E. 51st St., New York, NY 10022.

(10/96) NEW YORK/WESTCHESTER: GWM, 34, 5'-10", 178#, good-looking, humorous, honest, well-educated, professional European moving to NYC in August. Seeks older man, 50-65, preferably white hair, stocky and shorter, for relationship. I love cooking, traveling, tennis, reading, research, and social outing, sun. Your photo gets mine. Write: Spain, FDR Station, P.O. Box 1064, New York, NY 10150.

(10/96) NEW YORK CITY: GWM, 66, 5'-8", 175#, salt & pepper hair, clean-shaven, HIV negative, seeks GWM, 30-50, who can appreciate an older male for his life experience, not as a Daddy. Interests: theater, travel, movies, nude photography, romance, massage. Am outgoing, warm, a good listener/conversationalist, and seek similar for friendship/relationship. Write and send photo to Murray Kaufman, 243 West End Avenue, New York, NY 10023.

(12/96) MID-HUDSON VALLEY NY/ NATIONAL/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 45, 5'-7", 175#, brown/hazel, moustache, strong stocky build, licensed massage therapist, natural bottom seeking men 50+ for new friendships and more. Relocation possible for LTR. Enjoy massage, golf, nude sunbathing and sex. Willing to travel (limited) and host visitors to Catskill Mt. NY area. Write Wolfshadow, P.O. Box 295, Bearsville, NY 12409.

NORTH CAROLINA

(10/96) WINSTON-SALEM AREA/ WILL TRAVEL: Straight WM, 67, 5'-8", 156#, trim, neat, French passive. Prefer GWM, any age, that likes older men. Call George, (800) 307-4665.

(10/96) CUB SEEKING LIFEMATE: Me: 32, 5'-9", 240#, strong, husky, hairy, blond/blue, moustache, masculine, versatile, E.M.S. professional, honest, intelligent, sense of humor. Living in Michigan, but would like to relocate south. You: older, husky, hairy, but I'm open for surprises. Letter with photo to: Jerry, P.O. Box 2067, Bay City, MI 48707.

OHIO

(8/96) YOUNGSTOWN: GBM, 40, 240#, 6'-1", seeks older, masculine, preferably hairy GWM for friendship and more. Music, theater, bowling and darts are some of my interests. Send a photo if possible to John, P.O. Box 581, Youngstown, OH 44501.

PENNSYLVANIA

(8/96) PENNSYLVANIA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Aggressive GBM, 46, 6'-0", 175#, seeks 30-72 male of any race for friendship and more. Into travel, theatre and exercise. Photo and telephone to: **wmson@warwick.net** or RW, 3358 Sunrise Lake, Milford, PA 18337-9649

(2/97) HAIRY-CHESTED WRITER IN BUCKS COUNTY: GWM, 62, 5'-11", 187#, HIV negative, in good shape, handsome, seeks younger bear for mental and erotic stimulation. Send photo to Bill Carr, Box 203, Plumsteadville, PA 18949.

SOUTH CAROLINA

(10/96) ANDERSON: OLDER/ YOUNGER MAN: Me: GWM, 52, 6 ft., 275# bear, salt & pepper hair, beard, hairy, loving, paternal, commitment-ready, relationship-oriented. You: 30-40, hairy, mate-minded, independent, intelligent, considerate, loving. My interests: travel, outdoors, writing, quiet evenings, cuddling, showers together. Erik, P.O. Box 47, Anderson, SC 29622.

TENNESSEE

(10/96) NATIONWIDE/TENNESSEE: Masculine, intergenerational, healthy white couple: (H) 51, 5'-6", 160#, 6" cut, semi-hairy, and (J) 25, 5'-9", 145#, 7" uncut, smooth, in search of intergenerational WM couples/singles, 21+, healthy, not extremely overweight, for hot safe meetings, friendships, exchanging photos and/or videos and correspondence. Write with nude photo(s) to: H & J, P.O. Box 90385, Nashville, TN 37209-0385.

TEXAS

(8/96) CENTRAL TEXAS: GWM, 42, 5'-11", 230#, brown/brown, cut 6", big low hangers, 'stache, beefy ex-football/ weightlifter bottom. HIV negative. Seeking GWM (top), 40s - 60s. I have a lot of love to share with right person. Gooch, 202 Camp Craft Road, Austin, TX 78746.

(8/96) WACO: Quiet, lonely white gentle Ben, 41, 5'-10", chubby, nonsmoker, kind, considerate, naive, trusting, very affectionate and loving. Love to hung, kiss, cuddle, caress, fondle. Enjoy baking, crosswords, comedy. Cannot relocate or travel. Employed. Seeking relationship with white conservative type gentlemen, 55+. Prefer slender, slight hairy, medium small frame. Should expect constant fondling and hands everywhere. Write: Ray Shamblin, 388-A Richland Dr., Waco, TX 76710.

(8/96) DALLAS/NATIONWIDE: ASIAN, 37, 5'-7", 140#, trim, smooth, athletic, healthy, nonsmoking, multilingual professional seeks 50-65, educated, cultured, honest, healthy, weight/height proportionate WM for monogamous long-term relationship. Enjoy music, reading, foreign films, learning languages, working out. Write: T.J.T., Box 551193, Dallas, TX 75355-1193.

(8/96) DALLAS/FT. WORTH AREA/ NATIONWIDE: BiWM, married, professional, young 60, 5'-6", 135#, brown crewcut, attractive, masculine, French A/P, 100% healthy, great sense of humor. You: younger, similar. I live in Denton and have a place. Hope to find a friend to see often, no strings. Write: **DENTON**

(8/96) AUSTIN: AM, 29, 6 ft., 210#, well-educated, no experience, looking for a mature man in area for friendship and a possible long-term relationship. Like tennis, good movies, music, and food. Write with photo and will return all. Write: **TEXASIAN**

UTAH

(10/96) WESTERN STATES/NATIONWIDE: 55, 6 ft., 190#, great shape, athletic, into weights, masculine, hairy chest, friendly, professional, wide interests, HIV negative, French A/P, affectionate, cuddly, etc. Seeks GWM masculine, hairy, HIV negative, safe, nice guy, average to large equipment, non-kinky. Age and looks not important. Sincerity and honesty are. Pluses are stocky (not too fat), facial hair, bald, extra hairy, into erotic massage, etc., happy and well adjusted. Write Dan Mack, P.O. Box 863, Salt Lake City, UT 84110.

WASHINGTON

(8/96) PACIFIC NORTHWEST/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Black teddy bear, 64, 210#, 6 ft., seeks white teddy bear, 40+, for friendship, etc. Interests include traveling, classical music, theatre, museums, reading, safe sex, cuddling. In Europe most summers. Write: Jim, Box 249, Cheney, WA 99004.

INTERNATIONAL

(NOTE: Letters to coded advertisers will be returned to sender if postage is insufficient.)

(4/97) ITALY: I am 25, virile, lovely, sensual. I love nudism and I seek mature men, 45-80, for friendship, exchanging correspondence, phone talk and, if possible, a visit. Letter with photo and/or phone appreciated. Will answer all. Write: **FERRARI**

(10/96) CANADA AND USA: GWM, retired, 6'-0", good body, hung, uncut, attractive, hairy, well-proportioned body. Sensual, caring, sincere, secure. Likes closeness and touching. Many interests, including some sports. Seeks an in-shape, masculine who is likewise healthy, kind, honest, for a monogamous relationship. Sixty or under preferred. No smoke, drugs, but light drinker is okay. Would enjoy a warmer climate. Your photo (will return) appreciated. Will respond promptly. **NORTHERN BLUE JAY**

(8/96) MEXICO: GWM, 50, 5'-2", 135#, professional, warm, gentle, affectionate, sincere, looking for heavy guys, 50+, for friendship and future visits. Enjoy fine arts, theatre, movies, travel, reading. Write: **LATINO**

(12/96) CANADA AND U.S.: GM, lawyer, Chinese, 32, 5'-4", stocky, cultured, refined, well-travelled, seeks accomplished, caring gentleman, 55+, for friendship leading to commitment. Future relocation possible. Write: **QC**

(8/96) BRAZIL: Somos 2 amigos que vivímos juntos en Rio de Janeiro, ambos muy masculinos, educados, y de muy buena apariencia, que quisiéramos conocer nuevos amigos, blancos, robustos, y/o gorditos, que sean activos, bien dotados y mayores de 45 años.

Preferentemente que hablen español o portugués (no excluyente). Yo tengo 53 años, 1.75 mts., 90 kgs., uso bigotes, soy un poco calvo, peludo, pasivo, y agradable. Mi amigo tiene 58, 1.68 mts., 78 kgs., cabellos blancos, es activo/pasivo, sin barba ni bigotes. Podemos viajar y/o recibir en nuestro depto. con vista para el mar. Escriban para: Juan V. Soulet, Rua Conde Lage, 54/101, Cep. 20241-080, Rio de Janeiro, Brasil. Responderemos a todos.

[IMPORTANT NOTE: Send unsolicited photos at your own risk. If you have sent solicited photos to a model or advertiser and they are reluctant to return same, write them again and copy us. Notice to models and advertisers: we will not tolerate failure to return solicited photos when asked to do so. Responders: please make sure you fit an advertiser's guidelines before writing. The advertiser is under no obligation to answer responders who are not the type asked for.]

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

BED AND BREAKFAST

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS: An enchanted, secluded bed and breakfast resort perched atop a mountain called "Magic" in the midst of an ancient redwood forest. Guests are pampered with elegantly appointed rooms, gourmet breakfasts, a spa, breathtaking view of the Russian River, and the wafting fragrance of thousands of flowers. Located north of San Francisco near the coast and west of Santa Rosa. Special rates for C-Risers: $72 per room per night, or $36 per person, double occupancy. Includes full breakfast. Come stay with PAPA and BABY BEAR. For more information, write: HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS, P.O. Box 369, Monte Rio, CA 95462, or call (707) 632-5571.

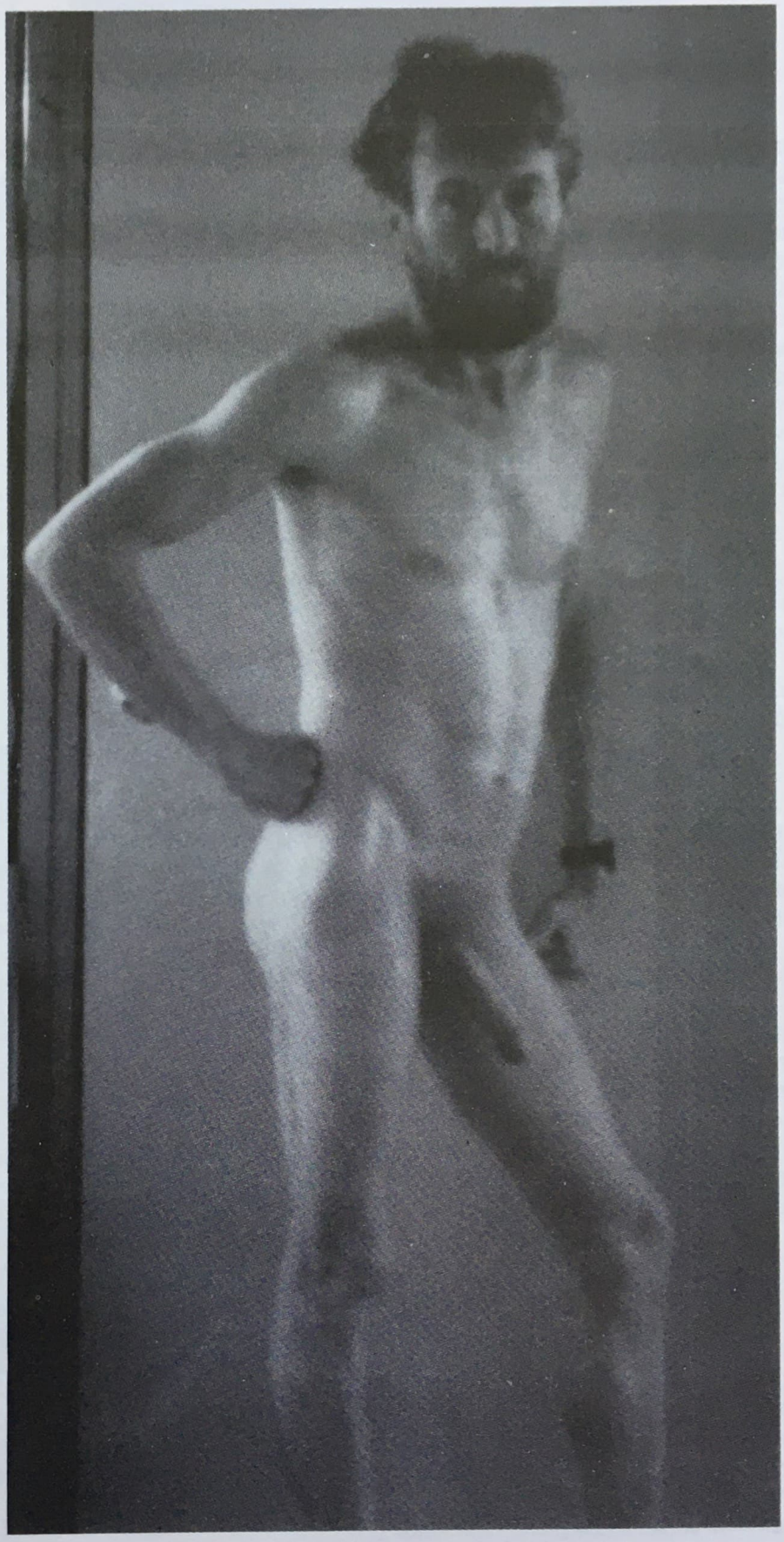
BACK ISSUES

For sale: SWAN, CR, Early RFD collectible back issues - $12 each, postpaid. R.A. Kosek, R1, Box 184, Morgan, MN 56266. (8/96)

MASSAGE

MASSEUR EXTRAORDINAIRE in Long Beach with 45 years experience. Magic hands will make you long remember The Ultimate Massage. $40. Gene: (310) 432-6553, before 8:30 pm. (8/96)

M.G.



ANNOUNCEMENTS

THE MOTHER OF ALL CRUISES

CRPI's 25-day Gathering Down Under is getting more and more interesting. International Hotels are hot to trot for our Sydney and Singapore Regional Assemblies. Aussie staffers are now working out details for our planned tours to the famous Australian gay nude beaches along the east coast and also at Darwin to the north. Those on board the Marco Polo will be greeted by a different crowd of local mates in every port of call. Can you imagine a bare-assed beach for a hospitality suite?

LOST AND FOUND

Did you lose a camera at the San Diego convention? If you can describe it properly, the finder will return it to you.

Did you lose a ring? If you can describe it properly, CR will send it to you right away.

VIP DISCOUNTS CANCELLED

Since we now have well over 1,000 VIPs and are struggling to avoid a price increase for subscriptions, we must cancel the VIP discount program. VIPs will continue to receive all other perks.

SWAN PRODUCTIONS TO CLOSE

Swan Productions with cease operating effective 10/1/96. No orders will be accepted after 8/30/96. Swan's assets will be sold to the highest bidder(s). Anyone interested in purchasing all or part of Swan Productions, contact Swan, c/o CRPI, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

NOVEMBER REGIONAL MODIFIED

Since not one New York hotel bothered to send us a bid for a November Regional, and since very few New Yorkers showed any interest, we have decided to keep in the spirit of the regionals concept and go for Charlotte, North Carolina. Charlotte's hotels show a lot more enthusiasm than those in New York or San Francisco, and the prices are rediculously lower! For more information relative to the name of the hotel, send for a free flyer.

INDIANAPOLIS IS LOOKING GOOD

As of this writing, we have just over 100 men registered, and the hotel advises that they are sold out. We don't expect a sellout of dinner settings prior to the event, but ticket sales at the door should sell us out. We urge those of you who are planning to drop in to call us prior to showing up to save yourself a trip in vain. Once we reach 400, that's it. IMPORTANT: Registration at the door will be $65, not $50.

COMMUNICATIONS

Until our web sight is up and running, we may be reached by e-mail at:

crpi@aol.com

We will respond only to business communications. We cannot spare the time to "chat." Please understand.

Until we can install a new trench and cable for a dedicated fax line, we have to improvise. Effective immediately, our telephone number will be for both voice and fax communication during the hours of 9:00 am to 4:30 pm, Pacific time. From 4:30 pm to 9:00 am, the line will be a dedicated fax line.

CR PRICE INCREASE

In light of all the broken promises we've endured lately, there comes a time when we must break our own. Effective January 1, 1997, we will initiate a 10% increase across the board for subscriptions only.

Issues	Current$ Dom/For	1/1/97$ Dom/For
8	50/66	55/73
6	38/50	42/55
4	26/35	29/39
3	20/26	22/29

ORDER OF THE SILVER SIMBA

SUFFER ALONE IN SILENCE NO LONGER

If you need bereavement support, the Order can help you if you get in touch with us. If you wish to donate support for a brother suffering through grief, send your name, address, telephone number, and a statement that you would like to offer your time and compassion to a grieving brother in your area. Also state if you:

a) have lost a mate,

b) are losing a mate,

c) are a professional care-giver/counselor willing to volunteer,

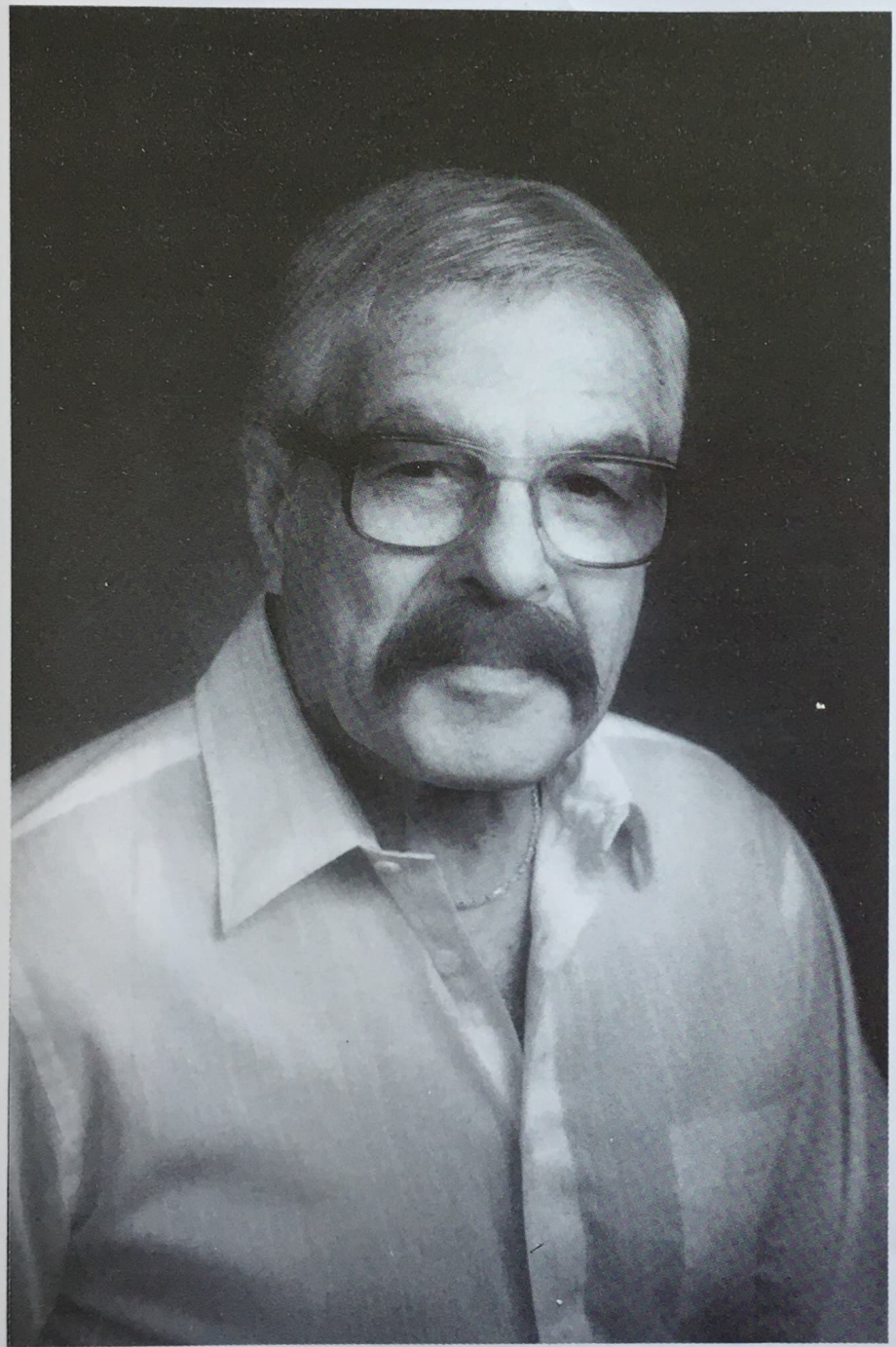
d) are just a compassionate soul wanting to help.

Your identity will never be divulged, either by list or referral. You will be contacted only by CR if your help is needed, and you will be supplied a contact.

Write: CR, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 9239, or call (619) 868-6371.

E-mail: crpi@aol.com

ROY E.



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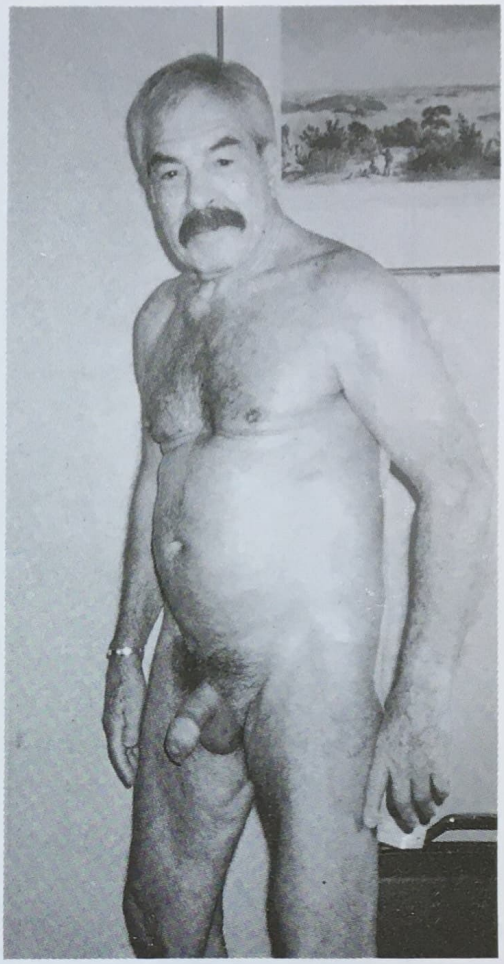

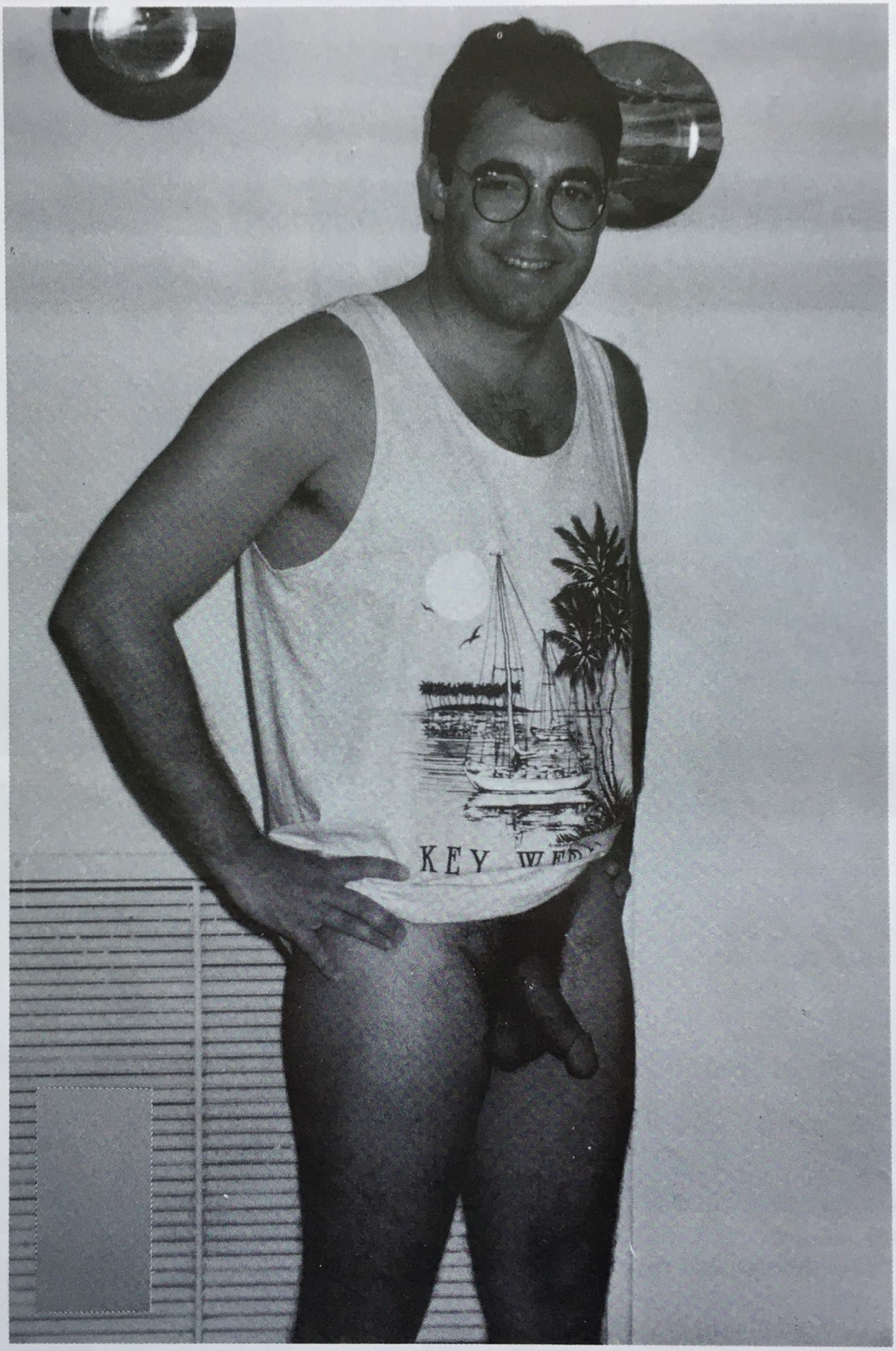
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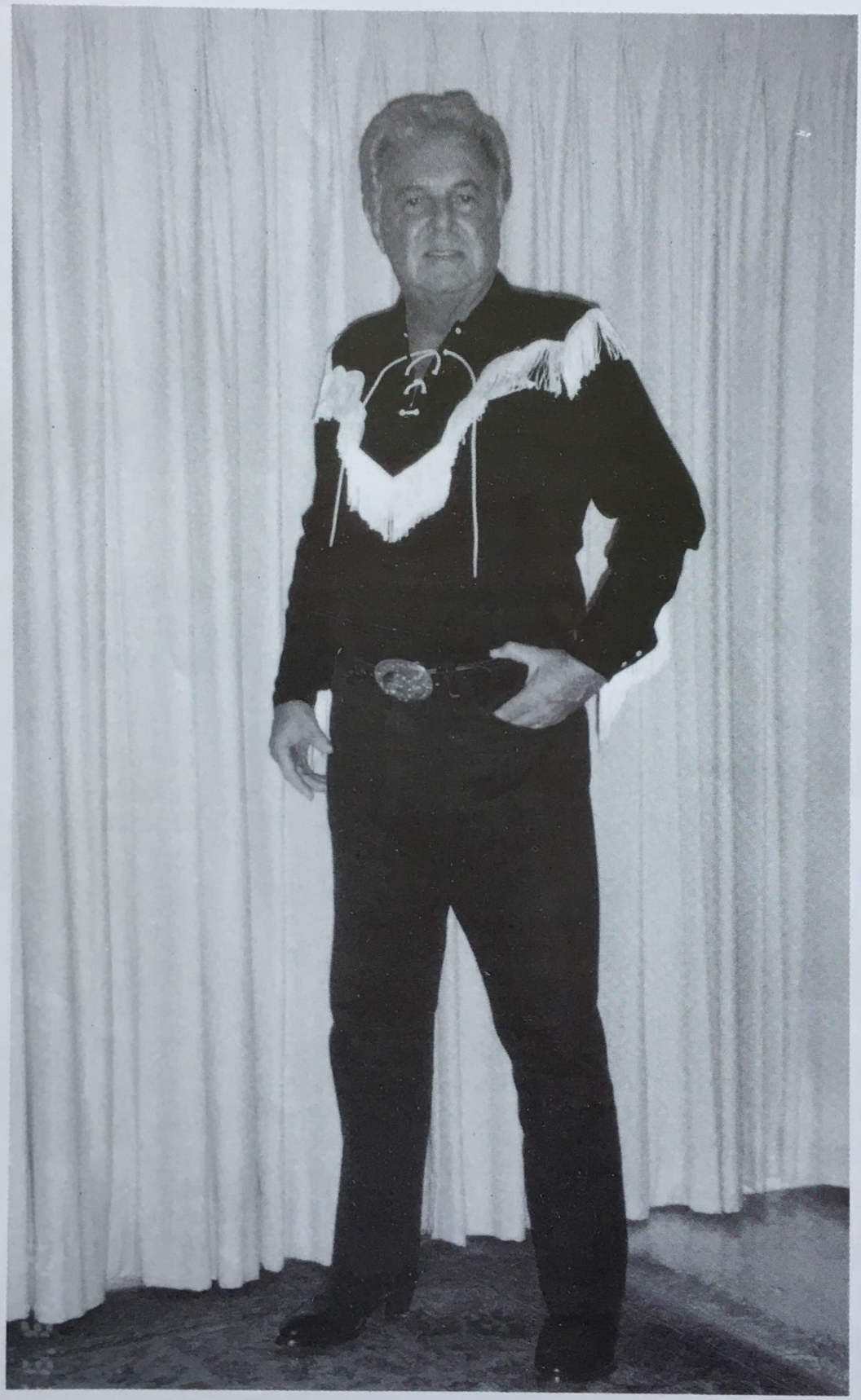


CRPI EVENTS

WE'RE COMING YOUR WAY!

THE INDIANAPOLIS REGIONAL ASSEMBLY - AUGUST 17, 1996

Hurry and call CRPI for details. Register at door. Up to 400 Silver Simbas and admirers are going to a private party in SW Indianapolis at a hotel whose name will not be publicized. Will be more low-key than the Gatherings and all locals are especially invited to register. The $65 at the door registration fee entitles delegate entry into a reception, a banquet with speakers, and hospitality room activities into the night. CRPI provides hors d'oeuvres, banquet food and hospitality nonalcoholic beverages. Delegate will provide his own alcoholic beverages from hotel-provided cash bars. For those staying the weekend at the hotel, we will provide a free breakfast and hospitality room activities on Sunday morning. Hotel is offering a special rate (under $70) for CRPI delegates. YOU MUST CALL TO RESERVE SPACE. We cannot guarantee your entry without advance notice.

THE CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA REGIONAL ASSEMBLY - NOVEMBER 1996

Write CRPI for registration form and details. Same format/functions as at Indianapolis. Advanced registration: $ 50.00 ($65 at door, space permitting) . Maximum number that can attend: 400.

THE DOWN-UNDER LAND/SEA GATHERING - FEBRUARY 16 - MARCH 12, 1997 (see p. 53)

This is a blockbuster! Gay Mardi Gras lasts the whole month of February in Sydney, and these events will be right in the middle of things. Bored with New Orleans Mardi Gras? Join us down under!

"A" Tour: Book entire cruise tour from Travel Lab in Los Angeles, and you will receive complimentary entry to the individual regional assemblies/private tours in Sydney (Feb. 19), Brisbane (Feb. 23), Townsville (Feb. 25), Cairns (Feb. 26), Darwin (March 1), and Singapore (March 11).

"B" Tour: Air/land tour including all regional assemblies above with the exception of Singapore. Contact CR for more information.

"C" Tour: Air/land tour including Singapore Regional Assembly on March 11, 1997. Contact CR for more information.

Registration for individual events/tours in Brisbane, Townsville, Cairns, and Darwin will be announced.

THE 7TH ANNUAL SPRING GATHERING AT THE RADISSON TWIN TOWERS IN ORLANDO - MAY 23-26, 1997

Contract signed. Same number of functions as in San Diego, only bigger and better. See this issue for more details and registration form.

THE NORTHWEST REGIONAL ASSEMBLY - AUGUST, 1997

In the planning stages for Seattle. Information available the first of 1997. Volunteers needed.

THE TEXAS REGIONAL ASSEMBLY - NOVEMBER, 1997

In the planning stages for San Antonio. Information available the first of 1997. Volunteers needed.

THE BRAZILIAN LAND/SEA GATHERING - FEBRUARY, 1998

In the planning stages for South America; to coincide with Carnival in Rio de Janeiro.

RANDY PATTERSON

MIKE P.

THE 7TH ANNUAL SPRING GATHERING
MAY 23-26, 1997
RADISSON TWIN TOWERS, ORLANDO, FLORIDA

THE HOST HOTEL & RATES

Radisson Twin Towers Orlando
5780 Major Blvd.
Orlando, FL 32819
Site of Gathering Three in 1993
and Gathering Five in 1995.

Hotel reservations are the responsibility of attendees and may be made by calling 1-(800) 327-2110 (Foreign: 407-351-1000) and identifying yourself as being with the Chiron Rising Gathering group. Reservations must be guaranteed. Rates are as follows:

Single (one person) Room: $99
Double (two persons) Room: $99
Triple (three people) Room: $109
Quad (four people) Room: $119
One Bedroom King Suite: $250
One Bedroom Executive Suite: $350
Two Bedroom Executive Suite: $450
Penthouse: $550

(Note: rates are good for three days prior and/or three days after convention dates. Rates are noncommissionable)

Only 15 minutes west of Orlando International Airport and an equal distance from Walt Disney World, the Twin Towers is located at the entrance to Universal Studios. All major attractions in the Central Florida area are within 30 minutes, and both Florida coasts are within a ninety-minute drive.

THE CR EVENTS

Friday: Badge pickup, merchandise sales, art exhibit, reception, dinner show, hospitality, late entertainment, DJ dancing in the poolside nightclub (for private CRPI use for the duration of the gathering).

Saturday: Workshops, recitals, art exhibit, reception, dinner show, hospitality, late entertainment, D.J. dancing.

Sunday: Workshops, recitals, art exhibit, reception, dinner show, hospitality, late entertainment, D.J. dancing.

Monday: Farewell Breakfast

THE NO-HOST EVENTS

All cocktail parties and some hospitality venues will utilize cash bars, which means that attendees must pay for their own beverages (except for hospitality room coffee and beverages served with meals). We feel it is unfair to include the high cost of alcoholic beverages in the package price when so many attendees abstain from alcohol. The money is much better spent for food and entertainment. CR will provide limited snacks during cocktail parties and receptions.

CONVENTION REGISTRATION FEES

Advance Registration/Sales

The "A" Package, including all events: $160 per person ($180 after 8/31/96; $200 after 12/31/96)

The "B" Package, including all events except Friday night dinner show, Saturday night dinner show, Sunday night banquet, and Monday morning breakfast: $ 75 per person ($80 after 8/31/96; $85 after 12/31/96)

"B" Package Add-ons (good through 8/31/96 only. Add $5 each thereafter):

B1: Friday Dinner Show - $30
B2: Saturday Dinner Show - $35
B3: Sunday Banquet - $30
B4: Monday breakfast - $10

Note: No advance registration sales will be made after 4/30/97. All registrations received with a postmark after that date will be returned.

Per-Meal Event Tickets and Day Passes

A limited number of per-meal event tickets and day passes will be available for sale on May 23rd and 24th ONLY at the CR sales office inside the hotel. These may not be purchased in advance. Call the week before the gathering to check on availability of meal functions.

The Friday Pass, including all Friday events except the dinner show. Good from 1:00 pm through midnight. $20 per person.

The Saturday Pass, including all Saturday events except the dinner show. Good from 10:00 am through midnight. $25 per person.

The Sunday Pass, including all Sunday events except the banquet. Good from 10:00 am through midnight. $25 per person.

Meal Passes - (subject to availability)

Friday Dinner Show - $40
Saturday Dinner Show - $45
Sunday Banquet - $40
Monday breakfast - $20 .

Cancellations made before 4/30/97 will be subject to a cancellation charge of $20. No refunds will be available after 4/30/97. For cancellations due to illness or death in the immediate family, however, full refunds may be obtained with a statement from your M.D. or a copy of a death certificate.

No cancellation fee will be assessed if customer applies entire registration amount to his subscription renewal or the purchase of additional CR merchandise.

All fans of *Chiron Rising* Magazine and their friends are invited.

Registration must be made using the proper form, which is located on next page. Those attendees purchasing day passes and meal tickets will also be required to complete and sign a registration form.

CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC.
CRPI EVENTS DIVISION
STANDARD REGISTRATION FORM AND DELEGATE AGREEMENT

(NOTE: ONE FORM PER DELEGATE, PLEASE)

NAME _____ CONVENTION _____
(please print legibly)
ADDRESS _____ PACKAGE SELECTED _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____ AMOUNT ENCLOSED $_____

COUNTRY/PROVINCE _____ I WILL _____/ WILL NOT _____ BE STAYING AT THE HOST HOTEL

BADGE FIRST NAME _____

I WILL BE ROOMING WITH

MODEL NAME _____ _____

STANDARD DELEGATE AGREEMENT

1. AGREEMENT: This agreement is entered into between Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. and the above named delegate, hereinafter called "Delegate".

2. DAMAGE RESPONSIBILITY: Delegate is responsible for any damage he causes to be done to the host hotel in excess of normal wear during the dates of the convention or for the duration of his stay.

3. INDEMNITY: Delegate agrees to indemnify and hold harmless the hotel and Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. against all claims, damages, losses and expenses, including, but not limited to attorney's fees, arising out of or resulting from errors, omissions, or negligent or intentional acts committed by Delegate.

4. APPAREL: Delegate agrees to refrain from wearing in public: costumes, cross-dressing apparel, or clothing with sexually explicit or offensive inscriptions thereon.

5. BADGES: Delegate agrees to wear the CR-provided badge at all times during functions and understands that he will not be granted entrance to such functions without one.

6. CAMERAS: Delegate agrees to confine any videography to areas outside the function rooms and to get permission from subjects prior to taping. Delegate understands that still photography is allowed in all areas, provided permission is granted by photographed subjects.

7. CONDUCT: Delegate agrees not to indulge in a) sexual or sexually suggestive behavior (including passionate kissing) outside the private rooms; b) offensive behavior, including the verbal or physical abuse of another; c) or disruptive or potentially damaging behavior caused by intoxication.

8. CONFISCATION AND EXPULSION: Delegate understands that the breach of this agreement could result in confiscation of his video cassette, his expulsion from the convention without refund, or both, contingent upon the final decision by the Event Directors.

I have carefully read, fully understand, and agree to abide by the above agreement.
Signature: _____
Date: _____

Signature: _____
Patrick H. Colley, President & CEO

Please make a copy of this agreement for yourself and send the signed original to:

Chiron Rising Publications, Inc.
P.O. Box 2589
Victorville, CA 92393.

CR PRICE LIST AND ORDER FORM (Please order from a copy of this form and circle items requested)

MAGAZINES

SUBSCRIPTIONS	U.S. FIRST CLASS AIRMAIL- CANADA/MEXICO CENTRAL/SO AMERICA	AIR MAIL ELSEWHERE
8 ISSUES - 6 bimonthly issues of CR and 2 semiannual issues of CR CLASSICS.	$50.00	$66.00
6 ISSUES - 6 bimonthly issues of CR only.	38.00	50.00
4 ISSUES - 3 bimonthly issues of CR and 1 semiannual issue of CR CLASSICS.	26.00	35.00
3 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR only.	20.00	26.00
CR BACK ISSUES: 58,59,60,61,62,63,64,65,66,67,68,69	5.00 EA	7.00 EA
CRC BACK ISSUES: 2,3,4,5,6	5.00 EA	7.00 EA
GLOSSY BACK ISSUES: CR 70,71,72,73,74; CRC #7,8	8.00 EA	10.00 EA

Note: Postage and handling charges are included in the above pricing. Not subject to sales tax.

EVENTS

	THRU 8/31/96	THRU 12/31/96	THRU 4/30/97
8/17/96 INDY REGIONAL ASSEMBLY - FULL REGISTRATION	50.00 (THRU 8/9)	N/A	N/A
5/23-26/97 GATHERING '97 - ORLANDO - FULL REG.	160.00	180.00	200.00
" - "B" Package	75.00	80.00	85.00

OTHER MERCHANDISE

	BASE PRICE, ALL LOCATIONS
VIDEO: ORLANDO '95 (VHS-NTSC)*	10.95 EA
ORLANDO '95 (VHS-PAL)	11.95 EA
BOOKS BY P.H. COLLEY: QUINCUNX by P.H. Colley - (Perfect bound soft cover)	10.95 EA
THREE SHORT NOVELS by P.H. Colley (8-1/2 X 11, in ring binder, signed and numbered)	29.95 EA
APPAREL:	
CAP WITH CR LOGO	8.00 EA
T-SHIRT WITH CR LOGO (Circle size - L, XL, XXL, XXXL)	17.00 EA

OTHER MERCHANDISE SHIPPING AND HANDLING: (Choose one and add to order)	
UPS - Continental U.S.	5.00 per item
Priority Mail - Cont. U.S., HI, AK, PR; 1st Class Can., Mex., Cen/So America	5.00 per item
Air Mail Postage - Europe	8.00 per item
Air Mail Postage - Africa, Middle East and Pacific Rim	10.00 per item
ADD SALES TAX for California Customers Only - 8.5% of Total Base Price	

(* VHS-NTSC is the system used in North America and Japan. VHS-PAL is used in Europe and Australia. VHS-SECAM is not available.)

SORRY, NO COD OR CREDIT CARD ORDERS. ALLOW 2 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CONFISCATION BY FOREIGN CUSTOMS. Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (postal money order or American Express Moneygram only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash (U.S.$,DM, £, ¥, C$, A$) at your own risk; it should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY/ST (PROVINCE)/ZIP (CODE):_____

COUNTRY: _____

I certify that I am over the age of 18, having been born on Day ____/ Month ____/ Year ____.

Signature: _____

HOW TO ORDER A CLASSIFIED AD

NOTE: IN ORDER FOR AN AD TO APPEAR IN ISSUE #76(OCTOBER 96), IT MUST BE RECEIVED AT CR NO LATER THAN AUGUST 15, 1996.

Instructions are as follows:

1. On a sheet of paper, type or legitably PRINT your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost.

2. Multiply the number of words by 30 ¢ and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.

3. If you are using a codeword *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)*, you must multiply $5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.

4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include $5 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

IMPORTANT:

YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER" OR A BLANK SPACE. YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE. WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION. YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

SAMPLE AD ORDER

DEAR CHIRON RISING,

PLEASE PLACE THE FOLLOWING AD IN YOUR NEXT AVAILABLE ISSUE UNDER UTAH:

"SALT LAKE CITY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 66, 5'-8", 187#, bald with white fringe, seeks 30-65,
(word count) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
preferably hairy and stocky, for friendship and more. I enjoy skiing, hiking, camping, fishing, cooking,
16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
traveling, and gardening. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply.
31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45
Write: J.D., 1840 Calle Donde Esta, Salt Lake City, UT 84199, or call (801) 555-1212."
46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 ————59———

59 words @ 30 ¢ = $ 17.70 X 3 Issues = $53.10
Telephone confirmation 5.00

Total Enclosed $58.10

My name and address: John Derringer
1840 Calle Donde Esta
Salt Lake City, UT 84199

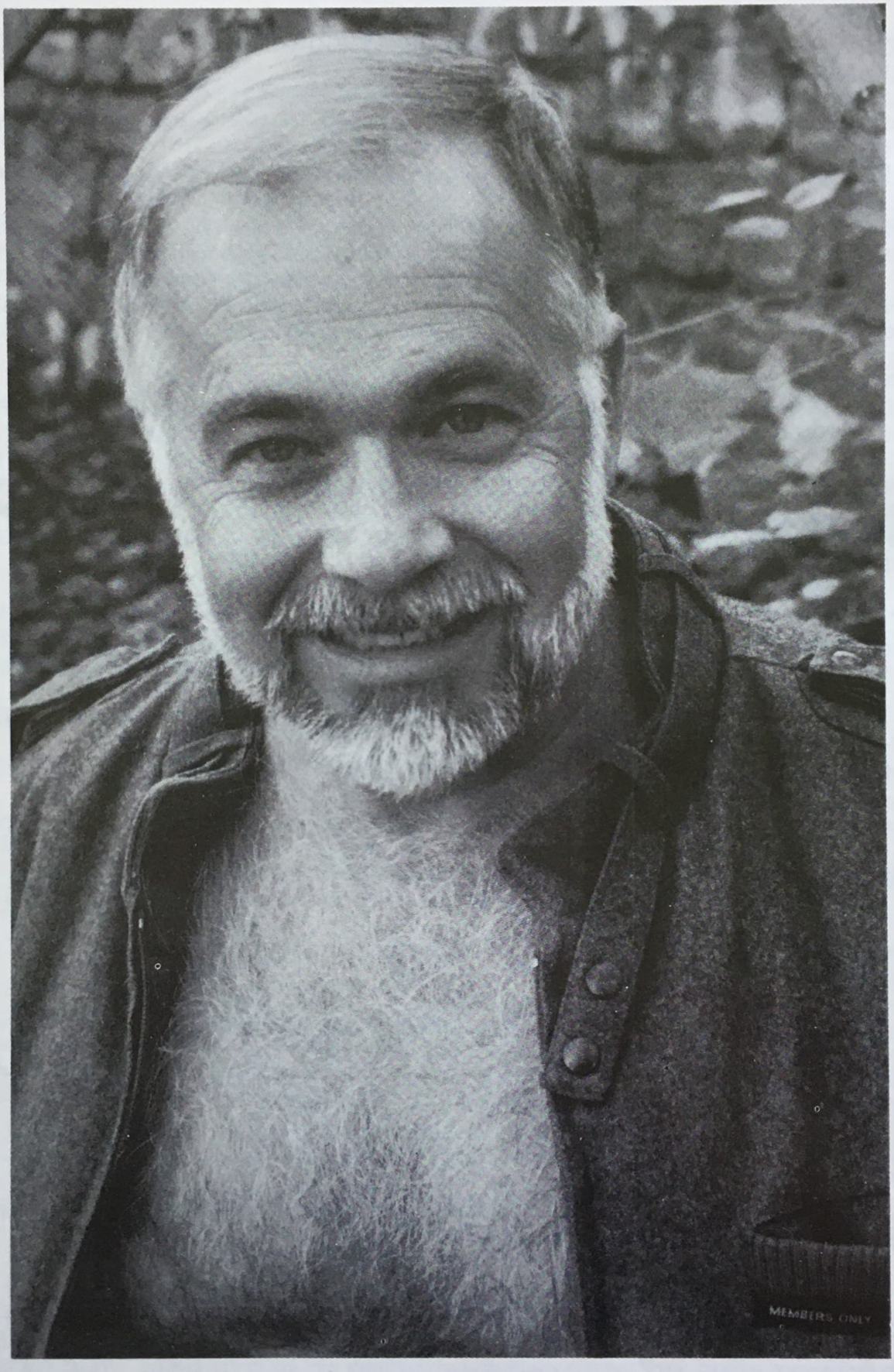
I authorize the printing of the above ad and take full responsibility for any incident or relationship resulting therefrom. I am over the age of 18.

Signed: _____

ORDERS NOT USING THE ABOVE FORMAT WILL BE RETURNED. PLEASE NOTE THAT WE DO NOT SEND NOTICES OUT THAT YOUR AD IS EXPIRING. THE DATE PRECEDING YOUR AD IS YOUR EXPIRATION DATE.

CHUCKY BEAR

MANNY



IN CLOSING

appreciate the words "thank you" as much as anyone else, but the accolades of late are becoming much more difficult to handle. We love being loved, but we just aren't cut out for lionization. People tell me that we don't quite fathom the magnitude of what we have created, but that's just not true. We're very proud of the benevolence the magazine spawns and want to be remembered as the founders of CR, but enough already with the kudos. It's now time to redirect your gratitude.

No competitively priced magazine can thrive and prosper through subscriptions and newsstand sales alone. Can't be done. Most publications, including those with massive press runs, offset the red ink with advertising sales, but even then it's a tight squeeze. "Alternative" publications with less than *Advocate*- or *Out*-sized advertising incomes (*CR, Bear, Bulk Male, Big Ad, American Bear,* etc.) do not make it without some means of financially supporting the flagship, be it with videos, 900 ads or some other lucrative merchandise or services. In the case of *CR*, the financial situation has been exacerbated by an untimely and disastrous expansion attempt which was pre-empted by two totally unexpected (and still-unfathomable) resignations, the latter being that of our young heir apparent. Basically, a $30,000 investment in personnel and equipment was made with very little return. The equipment can be liquidated, but the investment in personnel is lost forever. So much for expansion and the imminent ascendance to glory.

We're left with one option in two parts:

1. Expand the gatherings and assemblies dramatically. Requirement: a full time coordinator (His Crankiness).

2. Vastly expand the readership by tapping into the mainstream. Requirement: a large-scale introduction of CR to the mainstream media.

We promise to handle #1, provided our readers join in to tackle #2.

Have we changed your lives for the better? Then write and tell *Modern Maturity* about it (especially if you are a member of AARP), or *USA Today*, or the *New York Times*. These are publications with thousands upon thousands of gay, bisexual and "sexeclectic" male readers we're trying to reach. But don't stop there. Send letters to the editors of smaller, non-gay newspapers (don't waste your time with the gay rags as I have for years). Sometimes a story starts small, then it gains momentum until it becomes a national story, then an international one.

Are you in a position of power? "Abuse" some of it for us. Highly closeted? Tell the publication you want to remain anonymous, relate why you feel you must hide your identity, and explain why you feel CR is making life more bearable for you.

Think all this is cool but you really couldn't be bothered with writing letters? Is it your position to let someone else do it? Well that won't work. One, even ten letters to *Modern Maturity* won't cut it. Hundreds, however, might get their attention. So what is your position?

The sample letters on the next page are suggestions to get you started. Next time you buy a *New York Times* or a *Los Angeles Times* or a *U.S.A. Today* or any other major newspaper, copy down the address of the editorial offices in the masthead.

There will be no more bold moves forward from this 56- and 76-year-old duo. Neither the money, the confidence, nor the endurance are still there to pull it off. The bizarre and punishing events of the past few months have pretty much taken the wind out of our sails, and we have to reevaluate our capabilities. Maybe CR is destined to be only an obscure alternative jewel purchased by 10,000, enjoyed for free by 300,000+, and further financed by proceeds from gatherings—especially if I'm the only guy writing the letters to *Modern Maturity* and *USA Today*. In that case, I'll publish until I drop, having posted our walls with all the letters telling us to "keep up the good work."

It's time for you to exercise your power through strength in numbers. Time for you to be heard. You can do it now through the small crack CR has made in the wall. Or, you can sit on your hands and watch the crack eventually fill up.

We either tear down the wall or remain obscure behind it.

Pat and Bruce

TO USE AS GUIDES. DO NOT CUT OUT FOR USE

The Editors
Modern Maturity
3200 E. Carson St.
Lakewood, CA 90712

Greetings:

It has been brought to my attention that you have been invited to do an article on *Chiron Rising* magazine, and as an AARP member, I would like to lend my encouragement.

CR deserves your attention because (you own words)

My life has been revitalized by CR because (your own words)

Respectfully,
(real name)

The Editors
(magazine of your choice)

Greetings:

As a regular reader of your publication, I feel it is my right to offer a suggestion:

To counter the tiresome extreme rhetoric of both the religious right and the gay and lesbian left, why don't you do a story on a magazine called *Chiron Rising*. The publication is part of a contact and support organization for senior men and those men who love them for whatever reasons, be they sexual, spiritual and/or social.

The organization has a yearly arts and entertainment festival which can draw well over a thousand gay, bisexual and sexually eclectic men. It might be very entertaining and informative for your readers.

Contact CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393, or call (619) 868-6371. Their e-mail address is **crpi@aol.com**

Respectfully,
(Your real name)

jed
THE IMP

BEARMATE